SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

PART II

Lucy Ballard

from Father

June 2d 90

267 Josephine St

N. O.

KENILWORTH CASTLE (IV. 9).

SHAKESPEARE'S

HISTORY OF

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

PART II.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M.,
FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF THE HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1882.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Othello.
Julius Cæsar.
The Merchant of Venice.
A Midsummer-Night's Dream.
Macbeth.
Hamlet.
Much Ado about Nothing.
Romeo and Juliet.
As You Like It.
The Tempest.
Twelfth Night.
The Winter's Tale.
King John.
Richard II.
Henry IV. Part I.
Henry IV. Part II.
Henry V.
Richard III.
Henry VIII.
King Lear.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All 's Well that Ends Well.
Coriolanus.
The Comedy of Errors.
Cymbeline.
Antony and Cleopatra.
Measure for Measure.
Merry Wives of Windsor.
Love's Labour 's Lost.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.
Timon of Athens.
Troilus and Cressida.
Henry VI. Part I.
Henry VI. Part II.

GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS.
GRAY'S SELECT POEMS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Copyright, 1882, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH. 9

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY..... 9

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT..... 15

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY..... 15

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. PART II..... 31

ACT I..... 33

" II..... 55

" III..... 73

" IV..... 100

" V..... 124

NOTES..... 137

THE PARLIAMENT IN THE ABBEY AT BURY (III *p.*).

STREET IN SOUTHWARK (IV. 8).

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth* are so connected that they are properly considered together.

The two plays, in their present form, were first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623. They are recasts of two earlier plays, published in 1594 and 1595. The one

upon which 2 *Henry VI.* is founded was issued in quarto form with the following title-page:

The | First part of the Con- | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade:* | *And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the* | *Crowne.* | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters | Church in Cornwall. | 1594.

The play which formed the basis of 3 *Henry VI.* was printed in small octavo, with the following title:

The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura- | ble the Earle of Pem- | brooke his seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling- | *ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder* | *Saint Peters Church in* | *Cornwal*, 1595.

Second editions of both these plays appeared in 1600; and in 1619 a third edition of the two together appeared with the following title:

The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* | Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, | *and King Henrie the* | *sixt.* | Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and | enlarged. Written by *William Shake-* | *speare*, Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T. P.

About 3240 lines of these old plays appear either in the same or in an altered form in 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, the remainder of these latter, or about 2740 lines, being entirely new.

Various theories have been advanced with respect to the authorship of the earlier plays, and their relation to the

later ones. The more important of these theories are briefly as follows:*

(1.) Malone argued that Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps others, wrote the *Contention* and the *True Tragedie*, and that Shakespeare put these into the form in which they appear in the folio. Collier, Gervinus, and others adopt this view.

(2.) Johnson, Steevens, Knight, Ulrici, Delius, and the Germans generally, contend that Shakespeare wrote both the earlier and the later plays.

(3.) White holds that Shakespeare wrote the earlier plays in connection with Marlowe and Greene (and perhaps Peele), and used his own portion of the work, with additions, for the later plays.

This is substantially the view of Hudson, who, in his "Harvard" edition, sums up the matter thus: "That as early, perhaps, as 1590, Shakespeare, in connection with Greene and Marlowe, had written the original form of the two plays; and that some time before Greene's death he had withdrawn from all partnership or joint authorship with those worthies, and had rewritten the plays into the form they now bear, throwing out the most of what the others had done, but retaining or slightly altering more or less of their work; enough to give some colour at least to the charge of having beautified himself with their feathers" [see below].

(4.) Fleay (*Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1875, and *Introd. to Shakes. Study*) believes the whole of 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* to be by Peele and Marlowe, and that Shakespeare merely revised the plays about 1601. The *Contention* and *True Tragedie* "are clearly shorthand versions, taken down at the theatre piratically, and not first sketches."

(5.) Miss Jane Lee takes the ground that Marlowe and Greene (and possibly Peele) were the authors of the old plays; and that Shakespeare and Marlowe, working together,

* For a concise statement of these and many others, see Miss Lee's paper mentioned below, pp. 276–279.

recast these into the later ones. In the old plays, the parts of King Henry, Cardinal Beaufort, York (many of whose speeches, however, are by Greene), Suffolk, the two Cliffords, and Richard are assigned by Miss Lee to Marlowe, "with the reservation that in certain scenes written by Greene the parts of these characters were written by Greene also;" while Duke Humphrey (in a measure), the Duchess Eleanor, Clarence, Edward IV., Elizabeth, Sir John Hume, and Jack Cade belong to Greene.

"The *Third Part of Henry VI.*," as Miss Lee remarks, "underwent a much less thorough revision than the Second. Out of 3075 lines in *Part II.* there are 1715 new lines, some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In *Part III.*, out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and about 1010 old lines. Hence it is that in *Part III.* there are fewer resemblances of thought and verbal expression to Shakespeare's undoubted writings than in *Part II.*"*

The earliest allusion to any of these plays, and one that has a significant bearing upon the question of their authorship, is in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, a pamphlet written a short time before his death in September, 1592. In the parting words addressed "To those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies," he says: "Yes, trust them not: for there is an vpstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." By "Shake-scene" it is certain that

* For a fuller presentation of the theories we have mentioned, see Malone's Essay in the *Variorum* of 1821, vol. xviii., pp. 557–596; Knight's Essay in the *Pictorial Shakspere*, vol. ii. of "Histories," pp. 401–485; White's, in his edition, vol. vii. pp. 403–468; and Miss Lee's, in the *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1875–76, pp. 219–279.

he meant Shakespeare; and the "Tygers heart," etc., is a parody of 3 *Henry VI.* i. 4. 137: "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!" Some believe that the reference here is to Shakespeare as a player, and not as a writer; but the more probable meaning is that Shakespeare had borrowed from Greene and his friends, and that the line parodied was one of his plagiarisms.

That Marlowe had a hand in the *Contention* and the *True Tragedie* is admitted by nearly all the critics who do not assign their authorship exclusively to Shakespeare; but Greene's share in them is denied by Fleay, Ward, and others. To our thinking, however, White has made out a very clear case for Greene from the internal evidence of style; and his conclusions are confirmed by Miss Lee's careful study of the plays, though she gives Greene certain parts which he believes to be Shakespeare's.

The external evidence also tends to sustain the indirect claim to a share in the plays which Greene seems to make in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, and the insinuation that Shakespeare had appropriated portions of this matter. Greene died before his pamphlet was published, and it was brought out by his friend Henry Chettle. The latter afterwards repented of what he had done, and in the preface to his *Kind-Harts Dreame*, written in December, 1592, referring to the fact that two persons had been offended by Greene's attack, he says: "With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be: The other [Shakespeare?] whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had . . . I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe haue seene his demeanor no less ciuill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooues his Art." This is friendly and complimentary, but it will be observed that it

is not a distinct retraction of Greene's charge of plagiarism.

It is also to be noted that the *True Tragedie* was acted by Lord Pembroke's company, of which, as Nash tells us, Greene was "chief agent," and for which he wrote "more than four other" plays.

There are difficulties in all these theories, and these multiply as we study the plays more minutely. It is not easy, on the one hand, to deny Shakespeare a share in the early plays. The humorous Jack Cade scenes in the *Contention*, for instance, are too good for Greene, to whom they must be ascribed if they are not Shakespeare's. Miss Lee admits that they are "almost too good" for Greene, and says that we see him here at his best, while we see him at his worst in the earlier comic parts of the play. On the other hand, some of the passages which appear for the first time in *Henry VI.* are more like Marlowe than Shakespeare. Dowden points out a "striking example" of this in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 1–11. Miss Lee conjectures that Marlowe wrote the following portions of the revised plays: 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 1–58 (?); iii. 1. 142–199, 282–330, 357–383 (?); iii. 2. 43–121 (with Shakespeare); iv. 1. 1–147; iv. 10. 18–90; v. 1. 1–160, 175–195; v. 2. 10, 11, 19–30 (?), 31–65; 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 5–76; ii. 1. 81–86, 200–204; ii. 2. 6, 53, 56, 79, 83, 143, 146–148 (?); ii. 3. 49–56; ii. 4. 1–4, 12, 13; ii. 5. 114–120 (?); ii. 6. 31–36, 47–50, 58, 100–102; iii. 3. 4, 43–47, 48, 67–77, 110–120, 134–137, 141–150, 156–161, 191–201, 208–218, 221, 226, 233–238, 244–255 (?); iv. 2. 19–30; v. 1. 12–16, 21, 22, 31–33, 39, 48–57, 62–66, 69–71, 78, 79, 87–97; v. 3. 1–24.

Furnivall ("Leopold" ed. p. xxxviii.) says: "Certainly parts of the revision were done by Marlowe, or one of his school, and some parts, I think, by Greene, or one of his school; and if Marlowe and Greene were, with Peele, as I am content to think they were, the authors of the earlier

plays,* I am not surprised to find their hands besides Shakspere's in the revised one. I believe that the revision of these plays is to some extent like the conversion of *A Shrew* into *The Shrew*, and that another adapter's hand than Shakspere's is to be largely recognized in them. He may have retouched and strengthened them after Greene (died Sept. 5, 1592) and Marlowe (stabbed June 1, 1593) had reworked them. The humour of Cade is thoroughly Shaksperean, and may claim to stand alongside, though it is earlier in date than, that of Sly and Grumio."

As to the date of the plays, all that can be said is that the earlier ones at least must have been written before 1592, when Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* was written; and the revision, if Marlowe had a hand in it, must have been made before his death in 1593. Even if the later plays are all Shakespeare's, they cannot well be dated later than 1594, as they preceded *Richard III.*, which was probably written in 1594 or 1595 (see our ed. p. 11).

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The *Contention* and the *True Tragedie* appear to have been founded on Hall's Chronicle rather than Holinshed's; but in the revision of the plays the latter was also used, as the quotations in the *Notes* will show.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."* †]

Malone has written an essay to prove, from external and internal evidence, that the three parts of *Henry VI.* were not originally written by Shakspeare, but altered by him from two old plays, with considerable improvements and addi-

* He has before said, in qualification of this, that "it cannot be certain that S. had no share in the original sketch of Jack Cade."—*Ed.*

† American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 396 fol.

tions of his own. . . . "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The only arbiter in such a case is one's own individual taste and judgment. To me it appears that the three parts of *Henry VI.* have less of poetry and passion, and more of unnecessary verbosity and inflated language, than the rest of Shakspeare's works; that the continual exhibition of treachery, bloodshed, and violence is revolting, and the want of unity of action, and of a pervading interest, oppressive and fatiguing; but also that there are splendid passages in the Second and Third Parts, such as Shakspeare alone could have written: and this is not denied by the most sceptical.*

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays, the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakspeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are

* I abstain from making any remarks on the character of Joan of Arc, as delineated in 1 *Henry VI.*; first, because I do not in my conscience attribute it to Shakspeare, and secondly, because in representing her according to the vulgar English traditions, as half sorceress, half enthusiast, and, in the end, corrupted by pleasure and ambition, the truth of history and the truth of nature, justice and common-sense, are equally violated. Schiller has treated the character nobly, but in making Joan the slave of passion, and the victim of love, instead of the victim of patriotism, has committed, I think, a serious error in judgment and feeling; and I cannot sympathize with Madame de Staël's defence of him on this particular point. There was no occasion for this deviation from the truth of things, and from the dignity and spotless purity of the character. This young enthusiast, with her religious reveries, her simplicity, her heroism, her melancholy, her sensibility, her fortitude, her perfectly feminine bearing in all her exploits (for though she so often led the van of battle unshrinking, while death was all around her, she never struck a blow, nor stained her consecrated sword with blood—another point in which Schiller has wronged her), this heroine and martyr, over whose last moments we shed burning tears of pity and indignation, remains yet to be treated as a dramatic character, and I know but one person capable of doing this.

struck at once by the want of family likeness; Shakspeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole: he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness, very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this too in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit — he would have given the woman a soul.

The old chronicler Hall informs us that Queen Margaret "excelled all other as well in beauty and favour as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman." He adds that, after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, "the king's friends fell from him; the lords of the realm fell in division among themselves; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince; fields were foughten; many thousands slain; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again

with as much misery and sorrow as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloster—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.

Having said thus much, I shall point out some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in which Margaret appears. The speech in which she expresses her scorn of her meek husband, and her impatience of the power exercised by those fierce, overbearing barons, York, Salisbury, Warwick, Buckingham, is very fine, and conveys as faithful an idea of those feudal times as of the woman who speaks. The burst of female spite with which she concludes, is admirable:

> "Not all these lords do vex me half so much
> As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife.
> She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
> More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter."

Her intriguing spirit, the facility with which she enters into the murderous confederacy against the good Duke Humphrey, the artful plausibility with which she endeavours to turn suspicion from herself—confounding her gentle consort by mere dint of words—are exceedingly characteristic, but not the less revolting.

Her criminal love for Suffolk (which is a dramatic incident, not an historic fact) gives rise to the beautiful parting scene in the third act; a scene which it is impossible to read without a thrill of emotion, hurried away by that power and pathos which forces us to sympathize with the eloquence of grief, yet excites not a momentary interest either for Margaret or her lover. The ungoverned fury of Margaret in the first instance, the manner in which she calls on Suffolk to curse his enemies, and then shrinks back overcome by the violence of the spirit she had herself evoked, and terrified by the vehemence of his imprecations; the transition in her mind from the extremity of rage to tears and melting fondness, have been pronounced, and justly, to be in Shakspeare's own manner:

"Go, speak not to me—even now begone.
O go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!"

which is followed by that beautiful and intense burst of passion from Suffolk—

"'T is not the hand I care for, wert thou hence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation!"

In 3 *Henry VI.*, Margaret, engaged in the terrible struggle for her husband's throne, appears to rather more advantage. The indignation against Henry, who had pitifully yielded his son's birthright for the privilege of reigning unmolested during his own life, is worthy of her, and gives rise to a beautiful speech. We are here inclined to sympathize with her; but soon after follows the murder of the Duke of York; and the base revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which she insults over him, unarmed and a prisoner—the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with the napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and "bids the father wipe his eyes withal," turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning—

"She-wolf of France, and worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth"—

and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen:

"Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, ride their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
* * * * * *
O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child

To bid the father wipe his face withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible,
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless!"

By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point—and thus she answers it.

It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical: the body of the Duke of York was found, after the battle, among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret.

In another passage, the truth and consistency of the character of Margaret are sacrificed to the march of the dramatic action, with a very ill effect. When her fortunes were at the very lowest ebb, and she had sought refuge in the court of the French king, Warwick, her most formidable enemy, upon some disgust he had taken against Edward IV., offered to espouse her cause, and proposed a match between the prince her son and his daughter Anne of Warwick—the "gentle Lady Anne" who figures in *Richard III.* In the play, Margaret embraces the offer without a moment's hesitation:* we are disgusted by her versatile policy, and a meanness of spirit in no way allied to the magnanimous forgiveness of her terrible adversary. The Margaret of history sternly resisted this degrading expedient. She should not, she said, pardon from her heart the man who had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes. She mistrusted Warwick, despised him for the motives of his revolt from Edward, and considered that to match her son into the family of her enemy from mere policy was a species of degradation.

* See 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 199:

"*Queen Margaret.* Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend."

It took Louis XI., with all his art and eloquence, fifteen days to wring a reluctant consent, accompanied with tears, from this high-hearted woman.

The speech of Margaret to her council of generals before the battle of Tewksbury (v. 4. 1 fol.) is as remarkable a specimen of false rhetoric as her address to the soldiers, on the eve of the fight, is of true and passionate eloquence.

She witnesses the final defeat of her army, the massacre of her adherents, and the murder of her son; and though the savage Richard would willingly have put an end to her misery, and exclaims very pertinently—

> "Why should she live to fill the world with words?"

she is dragged forth unharmed, a woful spectacle of extremest wretchedness, to which death would have been an undeserved relief. If we compare the clamorous and loud exclaims of Margaret after the slaughter of her son to the ravings of Constance, we shall perceive where Shakspeare's genius did *not* preside, and where it *did*. Margaret, in bold defiance of history, but with fine dramatic effect, is introduced again in the gorgeous and polluted court of Edward IV. There she stalks around the seat of her former greatness, like a terrible phantom of departed majesty, uncrowned, unsceptred, desolate, powerless—or like a vampire thirsting for blood—or like a grim prophetess of evil, imprecating that ruin on the head of her enemies which she lived to see realized. The scene following the murder of the princes in the Tower, in which Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York sit down on the ground bewailing their desolation, and Margaret suddenly appears from behind them, like the very personification of woe, and seats herself beside them revelling in their despair, is, in the general conception and effect, grand and appalling.

> "*Duchess.* O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
> God witness with me, I have wept for thine!

Queen Margaret. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward:
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; saints pray
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead."

She should have stopped here; but the effect thus powerfully excited is marred and weakened by so much superfluous rhetoric that we are tempted to exclaim with the old Duchess of York—

"Why should calamity be full of words?"

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."* *]

Whether any portions of the first part of *Henry VI.* be from the hand of Shakspere, and, if there be, what those portions are, need not be here investigated. The play belongs, in the main, to the pre-Shaksperian school. Shakspere finds his own genius for the dramatic rendering of history for the first time distinctly in the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* The writer of the first part does not stand above the characters which he creates; he is violently prejudiced against some, and he feels a lyrical delight in singing the praises of others. But in the treatment of the characters of the King, of Gloster, of York, of Rich-

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden: American ed. (New York, 1881), p. 153 fol.

ard, in the later parts of the trilogy the Shaksperian impartiality and irony are clearly discernible. Shakspere does not hate King Henry; he is as favourably disposed to him as is possible; but he says, with the same clear and definite expression in which the historical fact uttered itself, that this saint of a feeble type upon the throne of England was a curse to the land and to the time only less than a royal criminal as weak as Henry would have been.

The heroic days of the fifth Henry, when the play opens, belong to the past; but their memory survives in the hearts and in the vigorous muscles of the great lords and earls who surround the King. He only, who most should have treasured and augmented his inheritance of glory and of power, is insensible to the large responsibilities and privileges of his place. He is cold in great affairs; his supreme concern is to remain blameless. Free from all greeds and ambitions, he yet is possessed by egoism, the egoism of timid saintliness. His virtue is negative, because there is no vigorous basis of manhood within him out of which heroic saintliness might develop itself. For fear of what is wrong, he shrinks from what is right. This is not the virtue ascribed to the nearest followers of "the Faithful and True" who in his righteousness doth judge and make war. Henry is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, gleam with a higher, intenser purity. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; . . . and the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." These soldiers in heaven have their representatives in earth, and Henry was not one of these. Zeal must come before charity, and then when charity comes it will appear as a self-denial.* But Henry knows nothing of zeal; and he is amiable, not charitable.

* J. H. Newman, *Verses on Various Occasions*, p. 60.

There is something of irony in the scene with which the second part of *Henry VI.* opens. Suffolk, the Lancelot of this tragedy, has brought from France the Princess Margaret, and the joy of the blameless King, upon receiving, at the cost of two hard-won provinces, this terrible wife, who will "dandle him like a baby," has in it something pitiable, something pathetic, and something ludicrous. The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:

"*Exeter.* Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:
I'll steal away.
Henry. And so will I."

Yet through his own freedom from passion he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received:

"Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!"

Among his "wolfish earls" Henry is in constant terror, not of being himself torn to pieces, but of their flying at one another's throats. Violent scenes, disturbing the cloistral peace which it would please him to see reign throughout the universe, are hateful and terrible to Henry. He rides out hawking with his Queen and Suffolk, the Cardinal and Gloster; some of the riders hardly able for an hour to conceal their emulation and their hate. Henry takes a languid interest in the sport, but all occasions supply food for his contemplative piety; he suffers from a certain incontinence of devout feeling, and now the falcons set him moralizing:

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!"

A moment after and the peers, with Margaret among them, are bandying furious words. Henry's anguish is extreme, but he hopes that something may be done by a few moral reflections suitable to the occasion:

> "I pr'ythee, peace,
> Good Queen, and whet not on these furious peers,
> For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
> *Cardinal.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make
> Against this proud Protector with my sword."

The angry colloquy is presently silenced by the cry, "A miracle! a miracle!" and the impostor Simcox and his wife appear. Henry, with his fatuous proclivity towards the edifying, rejoices in this manifestation of God's grace in the restoration to sight of a man born blind:

> "Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
> Although by his sight his sin be multiplied."

(That is to say, "If we had the good-fortune to be deprived of all our senses and appetites, we should have a fair chance of being quite spotless; yet let us thank God for his mysterious goodness to this man!") And once more, when the Protector, by a slight exercise of shrewdness and common-sense, has unmasked the rogue and has had him whipped, extreme is the anguish of the King:

> "*King Henry.* O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
> *Queen.* It made me laugh to see the villain run."

But the feeble saint, who is cast down upon the occurrence of a piece of vulgar knavery, can himself abandon to butchers the noblest life in England. His conscience assures him that Gloster is innocent; he hopes the Duke will be able to clear himself; but Gloster's judges are Suffolk, "with his cloudy brow," sharp Buckingham,

> "And dogged York, that reaches at the moon."

Henry is not equal to confronting such terrible faces as these; and so, trusting to God, who will do all things well,

he slinks out of the Parliament shedding tears, and leaves Gloster to his fate:

> "My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
> Do, or undo, as if ourself were here."

When Henry hears that his uncle is dead, he swoons; he suspects that the noble old man has been foully dealt with; but judgment belongs to God; possibly his suspicion may be a false one; how terrible if he should sully his purity of heart with a false suspicion! may God forgive him if he do so! And thus humouring his timorous, irritable conscience, Henry is incapable of action, and allows things to take their course.

This morbid scrupulosity of conscience which characterizes Henry while he neglects the high duties of his position sets him speculating uneasily about the validity of his title to the throne—a title which has descended through the great victor of Agincourt from Henry's grandfather. He turns from York to Warwick, from Warwick to Northumberland, uncertain what he ought to think. Clifford boldly cuts the knot; and Henry's courage revives:

> "King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
> Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence."

But the King, in the presence of armed force, cannot maintain his resolution, and ends by a compromise, which, upon condition of the forfeiture of his son's rights, will secure peace in *his* days. We sympathize with the indignant Margaret. Yet in Henry's conduct there has been no active selfishness; he has only accepted peace at the price required.

Between York, on the one hand, and York's instrument, Jack Cade, on the other, the unhappy King is hard set. Not that it is of himself he chiefly thinks; he suffers on account of the rebels as much as on his own account. He will parley with Cade; still better, he will send "some holy bishop" to entreat with the rebels. York, meanwhile, is approach-

ing, and demands that the King's adviser, Somerset, be removed. Henry, with placid acquiescence, sees Somerset prepared to sacrifice himself, and despatches Buckingham to confer in gentle language with his antagonist. At least, the virtue to refrain from disguising, as John disguised, under high-sounding words, the abjectness of his state, belongs to Henry.

"I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
Somerset. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.
King Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.
Buckingham. I will, my lord, and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.
King Henry. Come, wife, let 's in and learn to govern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched reign."

At length the wretched reign approaches its end. Henry has longed to be a subject, and he is such for some short time before his death. From the battle in which Richard, bloodhound-wise, is pursuing Clifford, Henry withdraws, and, seating himself upon a mole-hill, meditates on the happy life of shepherd-swains, and prays that to whom God wills the victory may fall. He mildly begs the fugitives to take him along with them:

"Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends."

When the keepers make him their prisoner, Henry is sincerely concerned about the purity of conscience of his captors. He inquires, with unfeigned and disinterested anxiety, whether they have taken an oath of allegiance to him. At all events, he will not now command them to release him, and

so they cannot offend. His own fate does not concern him; he wears his crown *Content;* and he is sure that the new king will execute neither more nor less than God wills.

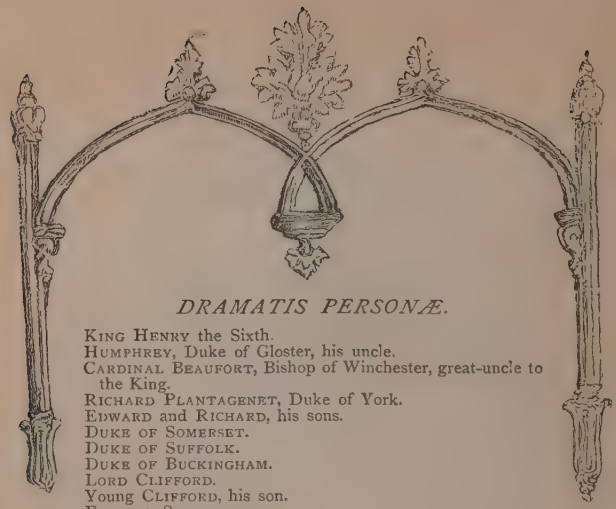
In prison Henry, at last, is really happy; now he is responsible for nothing; he enjoys, for the first time, tranquil solitude; he is a bird who sings in his cage. His latter days he will spend, to the rebuke of sin and the praise of his Creator, in devotion. Henry's equanimity is not of the highest kind; he is incapable of commotion. His peace is not that which underlies wholesome agitation, a peace which passes understanding. "Quietness is a grace—not in itself, only when it is grafted on the stem of faith, zeal, self-abasement, and diligence."* If Henry had known the nobleness of true kingship, his content in prison might be admirable; as it is, the beauty of that content does not strike us as of a rich or vivid kind. But the end is come, and that is a gain. Henry has yielded to the House of York, and the evil time is growing shorter. The words of the great Duke of York are confirmed by our sense of fact and right:

> "King did I call thee? nay, thou art not king.
> * * * * * *
> Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
> O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler!"

* John H. Newman, *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, vol. v., p. 71.

FIELDS BETWEEN DARTFORD AND BLACKHEATH (v. I.).

SECOND PART of KING HENRY VI.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York.
Edward and Richard, his sons.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Lord Clifford.
Young Clifford, his son.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick.
Lord Scales.
Lord Say.
Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William Stafford, his brother.
Sir John Stanley.
Vaux.
Matthew Goffe.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and Walter Whitmore.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
John Hume and John Southwell, priests.
Bolingbroke, a conjurer.
Thomas Horner, an armourer. Peter, his man.
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an impostor.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish gentleman.
Jack Cade, a rebel.
George Bevis, John Holland. Dick the butcher, Smith the weaver, Michael, etc., followers of Cade.
Two Murderers.

Margaret, Queen to King Henry.
Eleanor, Duchess of Gloster.
Margaret Jourdain, a witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners. Aldermen, a Herald a Beadle. Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

A Spirit.

Scene: *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter the KING, GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *on the one side; the* QUEEN, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *on the other.*

Suffolk. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,

So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

King. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret.
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words yclad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suffolk. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Gloster. [Reads] '*Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father'*— [*Lets the paper fall.*

King. Uncle, how now!

Gloster. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Cardinal. [Reads] '*Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*'

King. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down.
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

Gloster. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned counsel of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Cardinal. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

Gloster. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Salisbury. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?
Warwick. For grief that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!
York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Gloster. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France and starv'd in France,
Before—
Cardinal. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.
Gloster. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out. Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury; if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Cardinal. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown.
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buckingham. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Cardinal. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Somerset. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside.
If Gloster be displac'd, he 'll be protector.

Buckingham. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Salisbury. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.—
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition,
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

Warwick. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

Warwick. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,

And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all; what is 't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling like lords till all be gone;
Whileas the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,

Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve.
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter Duke Humphrey *and his wife* Eleanor.

Duchess. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Gloster. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.
Duchess. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.
Gloster. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain,—by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal,—
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.
Duchess. Tut, this was nothing but an argument
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me
And on my head did set the diadem.
Gloster. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

Duchess. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Gloster. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. My lord protector, 't is his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Gloster. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duchess. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently. 60
[*Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.—
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

Duchess. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duchess. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,

That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duchess. It is enough; I 'll think upon the questions.
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum;
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch;
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess
And buzz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack.
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *The Palace.*

Enter Peter *and other* Petitioners.

1 *Petitioner.* My masters, let 's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Petitioner.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK *and* QUEEN.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

2 *Petitioner.* Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suffolk. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

1 *Petitioner.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [Reading] '*To my Lord Protector!*' Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them; what is thine?

1 *Petitioner.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suffolk. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed.— What 's yours? — What 's here! [Reads] '*Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*'— How now, sir knave!

2 *Petitioner.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Giving his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth; my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suffolk. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.— We 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter.*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,

Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the supplications.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.
All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt.*
Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.
Suffolk. Madam, be patient; as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.
Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.
Suffolk. And he of these that can do most of all

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils;
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.
Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen;
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t 'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suffolk. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sennet. Enter the KING, DUKE HUMPHREY, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and the* DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.

Somerset. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
Warwick. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.
Cardinal. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
Warwick. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buckingham. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
Warwick. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Salisbury. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Gloster. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure; these are no women's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Gloster. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suffolk. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Cardinal. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Somerset. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buckingham. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.—
[*Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.*

Give me my fan. What, minion! can ye not?
[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?
Duchess. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman.
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'd set my ten commandments in your face.
King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.
Duchess. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*
Buckingham. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.
She 's tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloster.

Gloster. Now, lords, my choler being overblown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suffolk. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

Warwick. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit,

Suffolk. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

Warwick. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER *and his man* PETER, *guarded.*

Suffolk. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk; tell me, what are these?

Suffolk. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Horner. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter; God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Horner. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? 200

Gloster. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Somerset. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Horner. And I accept the combat willingly. 209

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Gloster. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month.—Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Gloster's Garden.*

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, *and* Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Bolingbroke. Master Hume, we are therefore provided; will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Bolingbroke. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you go, in God's name, and leave us.—[*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth.—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work. 12

Enter DUCHESS *aloft*, HUME *following.*

Duchess. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Bolingbroke. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire,
The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads,* Conjuro te, etc. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourdain. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Bolingbroke. [Reads] '*First of the king: what shall of him become?*'

Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Bolingbroke. [Reads] '*What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?*'

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Bolingbroke. [Reads] '*What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?*'

Spirit. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bolingbroke. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid! [*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

Enter the DUKE OF YORK *and the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *with their* Guard *and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.
Duchess. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.
Buckingham. True, madam, none at all; what call you this?—
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.—
Stafford, take her to thee.—
[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*
We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.—
All, away! [*Exeunt guard with Fourdain, Southwell, etc.*
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?
[Reads] '*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,*
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why, this is just
'Aio te, Aeacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:
'*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?*
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'—
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady.
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buckingham. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*

HAWKING-PARTY AT SAINT ALBAN'S.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Saint Alban's.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, GLOSTER, CARDINAL, *and* SUFFOLK, *with* Falconers *halloing.*

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport, these seven years' day;
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!

To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suffolk. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Gloster. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Cardinal. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.
Gloster. Ay, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Cardinal. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart,
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Gloster. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantaene animis coelestibus irae?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suffolk. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Gloster. As who, my lord?
Suffolk. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Gloster. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.
King. I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Cardinal. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Gloster. [*Aside to Cardinal*] Faith, holy uncle, would 't were come to that!

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Gloster. [*Aside to Cardinal*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep; an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.

King. How now, my lords!

Cardinal. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—[*Aside to Gloster*] Come with thy two-hand sword.

Gloster. True, uncle.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] Are ye advis'd? the east side of the grove?

Gloster. [*Aside to Cardinal*] Cardinal, I am with you.

King. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Gloster. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
[*Aside to Cardinal*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster.*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman *of Saint Alban's, crying* 'A miracle!'

Gloster. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Townsman. A miracle! a miracle!

Suffolk. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Townsman. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing* SIMPCOX, *between two in a chair,* SIMPCOX'S Wife *following.*

Cardinal. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Gloster. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restor'd?

Simpcox. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suffolk. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Gloster. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simpcox. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee;
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simpcox. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban, who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Cardinal. What, art thou lame?
Simpcox. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suffolk. How cam'st thou so?
Simpcox. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Gloster. How long hast thou been blind?
Simpcox. O, born so, master.
Gloster. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simpcox. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Gloster. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simpcox. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Gloster. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes.—Wink now;—now open them.
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simpcox. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Gloster. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simpcox. Red, master; red as blood.
Gloster. Why, that 's well said. What colour is my gown of?
Simpcox. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
King. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suffolk. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Gloster. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Gloster. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
Simpcox. Alas, master, I know not.
Gloster. What 's his name?
Simpcox. I know not.

Gloster. Nor his?

Simpcox. No, indeed, master.

Gloster. What 's thine own name?

Simpcox. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Gloster. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simpcox. O master, that you could!

Gloster. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Gloster. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Gloster. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simpcox. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle *with whips.*

Gloster. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simpcox. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry,* 'A miracle!'

King. O God, seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Gloster. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.
Gloster. Let them be whipped through every market-town till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*

Cardinal. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suffolk. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.
Gloster. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buckingham. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers;
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked spirits from underground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Cardinal. [*Aside to Gloster*] And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
Gloster. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Gloster. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
King. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter York, Salisbury, *and* Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Salisbury. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
Warwick. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret, where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murther'd traitorously.

Warwick. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Salisbury. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Salisbury. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown,
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,

Married Richard Earl of Cambridge, who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom; she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

Warwick. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days,—
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Salisbury. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

Warwick. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.
York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Hall of Justice.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, *the* Queen, Gloster, York, Suffolk, *and* Salisbury; *the* Duchess of Gloster, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard.*

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution.
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.
Duchess. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.
Gloster. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster. Ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Gloster. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff.
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king; when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suffolk. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Queen. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit.
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door, HORNER *the Armourer, and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door* PETER, *his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 *Neighbour.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neighbour.* And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neighbour.* And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Horner. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Prentice.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Prentice.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. —Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer;—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Salisbury. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Salisbury. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Salisbury. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Horner. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my

man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man; and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen;—and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch; this knave's tongue begins to double.—Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Horner. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Street.*

Enter Gloster *and his Servingmen, in mourning cloaks.*

Gloster. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what 's o'clock?

Servingmen. Ten, my lord.

Gloster. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess.
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.—
But, soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER *in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *the* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Servingmen. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Gloster. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duchess. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Gloster. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duchess. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd and such a prince he was
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk, he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all,
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Gloster. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Gloster. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.—
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave;—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sheriff. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.
Gloster. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stanley. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.
Gloster. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!
Duchess. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!
Gloster. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt Gloster and Servingmen.*
Duchess. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stanley. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.
Duchess. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach;
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stanley. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be us'd.
Duchess. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sheriff. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duchess. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stanley. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duchess. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet;
No, it will hang upon my richest robes
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*

MARRIAGE OF HENRY VI. AND MARGARET OF ANJOU.

BURY SAINT EDMUND'S.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury Saint Edmund's.*

Sound a sennet. Enter the KING, *the* QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK *to the Parliament.*

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come;
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he as the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.—
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suffolk. Well hath your highness seen into this duke:
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.—
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Cardinal. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buckingham. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven;
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,

For he 's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Somerset. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?
Somerset. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.
King. Cold news, Lord Somerset; but God's will be done!
York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.
Suffolk. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Gloster. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Gloster. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England,
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Cardinal. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Gloster. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Gloster. Why, 't is well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murtherer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suffolk. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name,
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Gloster. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life,
And if my death might make this island happy
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Cardinal. My liege, his railing is intolerable;
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suffolk. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Gloster. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buckingham. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Cardinal. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Gloster. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*
King. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?
King. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I prov'd thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf
And binds the wretch and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who 's a traitor? Gloster he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, and York; Somerset remains apart.*

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloster's show
Beguiles him as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own wit good—
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Cardinal. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death;
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suffolk. But, in my mind, that were no policy.
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suffolk. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal,—and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?
Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.
Suffolk. Madam, 't is true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.
Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.
Suffolk. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Cardinal. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suffolk. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And so say I.
York. And I; and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Cardinal. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What council give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Somerset. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done;
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonour home
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin;
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.
Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.
No more, good York.—Sweet Somerset, be still.—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
Somerset. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Cardinal. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suffolk. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms.—
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content.—Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suffolk. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Cardinal. No more of him; for I will deal with him
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent.—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suffolk. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but York.*

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution.
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the labouring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men;
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well-assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.

Say that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Bury Saint Edmund's. A Room of State.*
Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

1 *Murderer.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2 *Murderer.* O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Murderer.* Here comes my lord.
Suffolk. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
1 *Murderer.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suffolk. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 *Murderer.* 'T is, my good lord.
Suffolk. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the KING, *the* QUEEN, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *with Attendants.*

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 't is published.
Suffolk. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster

Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
King. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suffolk. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Queen. Marry, God forfend!
Cardinal. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*
Queen. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
Somerset. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Queen. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suffolk. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.
King. O heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious lord?
Suffolk. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murtherous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death;
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ay me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
King. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statua and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind

Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?'
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves,
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ay me, I can no more! die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. *Enter* WARWICK, SALISBURY, *and many* Commons.

Warwick. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murther'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 't is too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

Warwick. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter WARWICK *and others, bearing* GLOSTER'S *body on a bed.*

Warwick. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.
Warwick. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
Suffolk. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?
Warwick. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued.
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murther'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.
Suffolk. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murtherers.
Warwick. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep;

'T is like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.
Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
Warwick. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where 's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?
Suffolk. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*
Warwick. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.
Warwick. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suffolk. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

Warwick. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suffolk. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

Warwick. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*

King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suffolk. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Salisbury. [*To the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,

They will by violence tear him from your palace
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suffolk. 'T is like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*

Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suffolk. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suffolk. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their chiefest prospect murthering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the consort full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suffolk. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suffolk. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side, sometime he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul;
And I am sent to tell his majesty
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.—
[*Exit Vaux.*
Ay me! what is this world! what news are these!
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suffolk. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!
Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suffolk. I go.
Queen. And take my heart with thee.
Suffolk. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III. *A Bedchamber.*

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, *to the* Cardinal *in bed.*

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Cardinal. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

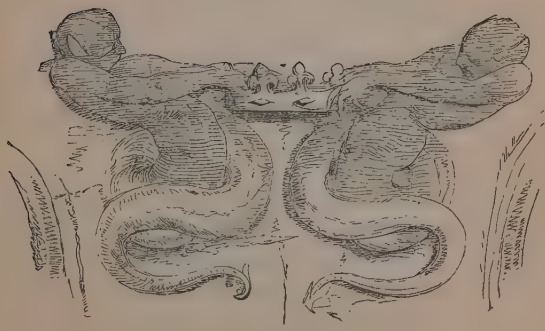
Warwick. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Salisbury. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him!

Warwick. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*



BLACKHEATH (SCENE III.).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Coast of Kent.*

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and others, prisoners.*

Captain. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gentleman.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Captain. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall.
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum!

1 *Gentleman.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gentleman.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whitmore. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;—[*To Suffolk*]
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Captain. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suffolk. Look on my George; I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whitmore. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suffolk. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sounded.

Whitmore. Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not.
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suffolk. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whitmore. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!
Suffolk. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Captain. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suffolk. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fallen,
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth:
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whitmore. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Captain. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suffolk. Base slave, thy words are blunt and so art thou.
Captain. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suffolk. Thou dar'st not, for thy own.
Captain. Yes, Pole.
Suffolk. Pole!
Captain. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth
For swallowing the treasure of the realm;
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms;
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murther of a guiltless king
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms;
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away! convey him hence.

Suffolk. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud; this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Captain. Walter,—

Whitmore. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suffolk. Gelidus timor occupat artus; it is thee I fear.

Whitmore. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gentleman.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suffolk. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king,
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear;
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Captain. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suffolk. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar: savage islanders
Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

Captain. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart.
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but* 1 *Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whitmore. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gentleman.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II. *Blackheath.*

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Holland. They have the more need to sleep now, then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holland. So he had need, for 't is threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicraftsmen.

Holland. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holland. True; and yet it is said, labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holland. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skin of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holland. And Dick the Butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holland. And Smith the weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holland. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher,* SMITH *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people;—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham; he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed; away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Michael. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Michael. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself; he is but a knight, is a'?

Michael. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently.—[*Kneels.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer.—[*Rises.*] Now have at him!

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his* Brother, *with drum and soldiers.*

Stafford. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down;
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Brother. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign,
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Stafford. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Brother. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Stafford. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Brother. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but I say, 't is true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Stafford. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Brother. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.—
Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained,

and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Stafford. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Brother. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Stafford. Herald, away; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors.—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Part of Blackheath.*

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the STAFFORDS *are slain. Enter* CADE *and the rest.*

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou

behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus will I reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Palace.*

Enter the KING *with a supplication, and the* QUEEN *with Suffolk's head, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM *and the* LORD SAY.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buckingham. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me,

And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Messenger. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless;
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buckingham. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buckingham. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

King. Farewell, my lord; trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buckingham. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *London. The Tower.*

Enter LORD SCALES *upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three* Citizens *below.*

Scales. How now! Is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Citizen.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *London. Cannon Street.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Soldier. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call ye Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let 's go fight with them. But first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *London. Smithfield.*

Alarums. Matthew Goffe *is slain, and all the rest. Then enter* Jack Cade, *with his company.*

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holland. [*Aside*] Mass, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holland. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, *with the* Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when,

indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 't is 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle.
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king;
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be even with you. I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words, but I 'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.—[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*] The proudest peer in the realm

shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills? 117

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France.—Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *Southwark.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade *and all his rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! Throw them into Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham *and old* Clifford, *attended.*

Buckingham. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.

Clifford. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, 10

And yield to mercy whilst 't is offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clifford. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Viliaco!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buckingham. What, is he fled?—Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers; we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX. *Kenilworth Castle.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, *and* Somerset, *on the terrace.*

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and old* CLIFFORD.

Buckingham. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clifford. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.
King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives
And show'd how well you love your prince and country.
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.
King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd.
Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate;
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee hither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Somerset. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buckingham. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene X. *Kent. Iden's Garden.*

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not! why, then, should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;

My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.—[*Here they fight. Cade falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead;
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

FIELDS NEAR ST. ALBAN'S (SCENE III.).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

Enter YORK, *and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.

A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.—

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure; I must dissemble.

Buckingham. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buckingham. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buckingham. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand.
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buckingham. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.—
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buckingham. York, I commend this kind submission;
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING *and* Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.

King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!—
O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buckingham. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.
King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*

Enter QUEEN *and* SOMERSET.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen.
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.
Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Somerset. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.— [*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father. [*Exit Buckingham.*
York. O blood-besotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD.

See where they come; I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter old CLIFFORD *and his* Son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
Clifford. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*
York. I thank thee, Clifford; say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clifford. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
King. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clifford. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edward. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Richard. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clifford. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs.
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the EARLS OF WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

Clifford. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-herd in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.
Richard. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld,
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried;
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.
Clifford. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clifford. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Salisbury. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke,
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.
King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Salisbury. I have.
King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Salisbury. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murtherous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.
Clifford. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
Warwick. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clifford. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

Warwick. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clifford. And from thy burgonet I 'll rend thy bear
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-herd that protects the bear.
Young Clifford. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.
Richard. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
Young Clifford. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.
Richard. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *Saint Alban's.*

Alarums to the battle. *Enter* WARWICK.

Warwick. Clifford of Cumberland, 't is Warwick calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.—

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all afoot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter old CLIFFORD.

Warwick. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
Warwick. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*
Clifford. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clifford. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 't is shown ignobly and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword
As I in justice and true right express it!
Clifford. My soul and body on the action both!
York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*
Clifford. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Young Clifford. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valour.—[*Seeing his dead father*] O, let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 't is mine
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity;
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter RICHARD *and* SOMERSET *to fight.* SOMERSET *is killed.*

Richard. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Fight: excursions. Enter KING, QUEEN, *and others.*

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!
King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Queen. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly;
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Young Clifford. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Fields near Saint Alban's.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD, WARWICK, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day

Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Richard. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Salisbury. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

Warwick. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., R. Grant White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

For the following historical outline of the play, with the extracts from the old chroniclers, we are indebted to Knight:

Act I.—"The connection between the last scene of the *First Part of Henry VI.* and the first scene of the *Second Part* is as perfect as if they each belonged to one play. The concluding words of that last scene show us Suffolk departing for France for the accomplishment of the anxious wish of Henry—

> 'That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
> To cross the seas to England.'

In the first lines of the *Second Part* we find Suffolk returned from his mission, the purpose of which, as expressed in the last scene of the *First*

Part, he here recapitulates. The passage of the poet is almost exactly copied from the historians, Holinshed being in this case a literal transcriber from Hall:—'The Marquis of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said lady in the church of Saint Martin's. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, which was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, which was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops, beside knights and gentlemen.'

"The displeasure of the Duke of Gloster at this marriage is indicated by the poet in the last scene of the *First Part*. There Henry says,—

'——Agree to any covenants.'

The announcement of the surrender of Anjou and Maine is reserved by the dramatist for the scene before us. This surrender is the chief cause of the Duke of Gloster's indignation, as expressed in the celebrated speech,— 'Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,' etc.

The poet makes the duke intimate no dislike of the queen's person; and Henry, indeed, expressly thanks him

'for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.'

The poet here follows Holinshed, who copies Fabian:—'On the eighteenth of May she came to London, all the lords of England in most sumptuous sort meeting and receiving her upon the way, and specially the Duke of Gloster, with such honour as stood with the dignity of his person.' Of this circumstance Hall has no mention.

"Margaret of Anjou arrived in England in 1445. Her impatience under the authority of the Protector Gloster, and her intrigues to procure his disgrace, are set forth very graphically by Hall:—'This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scholar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man.' But the hatred of Queen Margaret to 'Duke Humphrey's wife' is purely an invention of the poet. The disgrace of Eleanor Cobham took place three years before the arrival of Margaret in England. It is insinuated, however, by the chroniclers, that the accusation of the duchess upon a charge of sorcery and treason was prompted by the enemies of the protector. The following is Hall's account of this tragedy, in which 'horror and absurdity are mingled in about equal portions:'*—

* *Pictorial History of England*, vol. ii. p. 83.

"'But venom will once break out, and inward grudge will soon appear, which was this year to all men apparent: for divers secret attempts were advanced forward this season against the noble duke Humphrey of Gloster, afar off, which in conclusion came so near that they bereft him both of life and land, as you shall hereafter more manifestly perceive. For first this year, dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchantment, intended to destroy the king, to the intent to advance and to promote her husband to the crown: upon this she was examined in Saint Stephen's chapel, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examination convict and judged to do open penance in three open places within the city of London, and after that adjudged to perpetual prison in the Isle of Man, under the keeping of Sir John Stanley, knight. At the same season were arrested, as aiders and counsellors to the said duchess, Thomas Southwel, priest and canon of Saint Stephen's in Westminster; John Hum, priest; Roger Bolingbroke, a cunning necromancer; and Margery Jourdain, surnamed the witch of Eye: to whose charge it was laid, that they, at the request of the duchess, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcery a little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person, and so to bring him death; for the which treason they were adjudged to die: and so Margery Jourdain was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbroke was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, taking upon his death that there was never no such thing by them imagined. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the Tower before execution. The Duke of Gloster took all these things patiently, and said little.'

"In the third scene, the charges which Beaufort, and Somerset, and Buckingham insultingly heap upon the protector are supported by this passage of Hall:—'Divers articles, both heinous and odious, were laid to his charge in open council; and in especial, one that he had caused men adjudged to die to be put to other execution than the law of the land had ordered or assigned.' This is the charge of Buckingham:—

> 'Thy cruelty in execution,
> Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
> And left thee to the mercy of the law.'"

ACT II.—"The miracle scene at St. Alban's is founded upon a real occurrence. Sir Thomas More tells the story as related to him by his father. The poet probably found it in More's works, which were printed in 1557; but this ludicrous episode in a tragic history is also thus told by Grafton in his *Chronicle*:—

"'In the time of King *Henry* VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the town of *Saint Alban's* a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was born blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of *Berwick*, where he said that he had ever dwelled, to seek *Saint Alban*. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at *Saint Alban's* shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a

miracle, and *Te Deum* songen: so that nothing was talked of in all the town but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke *Humphrey*, Duke of *Gloucester*, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poor man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when as well his wife as himself affirmed fastly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and said, I believe you may well, for me thinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he: I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is this gown? Then anon the beggar told him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gown? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks.'

"The poet found the picturesque story of the trial of battle between the armourer and his servant thus briefly told in Holinshed:—

"'In the same year also a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn.'

"The event is dramatically connected by the poet with the main plot, by his exact description of the treason of which 'a certain armourer was appeached:'—

> 'His words were these;—that Richard, Duke of York,
> Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
> And that your majesty was an usurper.'

The poetical variations of the incident told by Holinshed greatly heighten the dramatic effect. The scene, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle. In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original precept to the sheriffs, and the return of expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item: 'Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doyng, and for ye hangman's labor, xjs. viid.' The 'hangman's labor' was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree that the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceremonies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through

with the dead body. (See Douce, *Illustrations*.) It is remarkable that the trial of battle was only abolished by law as recently as 1819; and that in the previous year there was every probability that a somewhat similar scene to that here dramatized would have been acted by the authority of the law, in the celebrated case of Ashford and Thornton."

ACT III.—"We have already noticed the charges which were made by his enemies against the Duke of Gloster. Hall, whom Holinshed copies, thus proceeds to describe his death:—

"'Although the duke (not without great laud and praise) sufficiently answered to all things to him objected, yet because his death was determined, his wisdom little helped, nor his truth smally availed: but of this unquietness of mind he delivered himself, because he thought neither of death, nor of condemnation to die: such affiance had he in his strong truth, and such confidence had he in indifferent justice. But his capital enemies and mortal foes, fearing that some tumult or commotion might arise if a prince so well beloved of the people should be openly executed and put to death, determined to trap and undo him, or he thereof should have knowledge or warning. So, for the furtherance of their purpose, a parliament was summoned to be kept at Bury, whither resorted all the peers of the realm, and amongst them the Duke of Gloster, which, on the second day of the session, was by the Lord Beaumont, then high constable of England, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and other, arrested, apprehended, and put in ward, and all his servants sequestered from him, and xxxii of the chief of his retinue were sent to divers prisons, to the great admiration of the common people. The duke, the night after his imprisonment, was found dead in his bed, and his body showed to the lords and commons as though he had died of a palsy or empostom; but all indifferent persons well knew that he died of no natural death, but of some violent force.'

"The conspiracy which the poet has exhibited in the first scene of this act, of the queen, the cardinal, Suffolk, and York, against the life of Gloster, is not borne out by any relation of the chroniclers. Indeed it is by no means clear that the duke actually did die by violence. The people, no doubt, firmly believed that he came to his end by foul practices; and they would naturally associate this belief with the suspicion of his avowed enemies. Hence, probably, the general tone of the chroniclers. The participation of the queen in the supposed crime is distinctly stated by Hall; and he suggests, also, the motive by which York might have been prompted to remove so able and popular a branch of the house of Lancaster as the Duke Humphrey. The following passage bears upon both points:—

"'There is an old said saw, that a man intending to avoid the smoke falleth into the fire: so here the queen, minding to preserve her husband in honour and herself in authority, procured and consented to the death of this nobleman, whose only death brought to pass that thing which she would most fain have eschewed, and took from her that jewel which she most desired: for if this duke had lived, the Duke of York durst not have made title to the crown: if this duke had lived, the nobles

had not conspired against the king, nor yet the commons had not rebelled: if this duke had lived, the house of Lancaster had not been defaced and destroyed; which things happened all contrary by the destruction of this good man.'

"The banishment of Suffolk took place in 1450, three years after the death of Gloster. In the articles against him 'proponed by the commons,' there were many accusations of 'treason, misprision, and evil demeanour;' but the murder of the Duke of Gloster was not therein imputed to him. Hall, indeed, says that the commonalty affirmed him to 'be the chief procurer of the death of the good Duke of Gloster.' The protection of the queen, 'which entirely loved the duke,' was for some time his safeguard; but he was finally banished by the king, according to Hall, 'as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the whole realm, for the term of five years.' The poet has brought events which were separated by considerable intervals of time into a dramatic unity; and he has connected the guilt which was popularly attributed to Suffolk with the punishment which was demanded by the public hatred of him.

"The death of Cardinal Beaufort is one of those scenes of the Shaksperian drama which stand in the place of real history, and almost supersede its authority. Shakspere, however, found the meagre outline of this great scene in a passage of Hall:—

"'During these doings, Henry Beauford Bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world, and was buried at Winchester. This man was son to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but born in baste, more noble of blood than notable in learning, haut in stomach and high in countenance, rich above measure of all men, and to few liberal; disdainful to his kin and dreadful to his lovers, preferring money before friendship, many things beginning and nothing performing. His covetise insaciable, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himself, in his latter day; for Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: "Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you all to pray for me."'"

Act IV.—"The extraordinary circumstances attending the execution, or more properly murder, of the Duke of Suffolk are very briefly given by the chroniclers. Holinshed, in the following passage, copies Hall with little variation:—

"'But God's justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, intending to transport himself over into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the

Nicholas of the Tower. The captain of that bark with small fight entered into the duke's ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on one side of a cock-boat caused his head to be stricken off, and left his body with the head lying there on the sands; which corpse, being there found by a chaplain of his, was conveyed to Wingfield College, in Suffolk, and there buried. This end had William de la Poole Duke of Suffolk, as men judge by God's providence, for that he had procured the death of that good duke of Gloster, as before is partly touched.'

"The most circumstantial account of this event is to be found in the Paston Correspondence in one of the letters in that most curious and interesting collection, dated the fifth of May, 1450, and written immediately after the occurrence:—

"'Right worshipful Sir,—I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so washed this little bill with sorrowful tears, that scarcely ye shall read it. As on Monday next after May-day (4th May) there came tidings to London that on Thursday before (30th April) the Duke of Suffolk came unto the coasts of Kent full near Dover, with his two ships and a little spinner; the which spinner he sent with certain letters by certain of his trusted men unto Calais-ward to know how he should be received, and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the duke's coming. When he espied the duke's ships he sent full his boat to weet what they were, and the duke himself spoke to them, and said he was, by the king's commandment, sent to Calais-ward, etc.; and they said he must speak with their master; and so he, with two or three of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he came the master bade him Welcome, traitor, as men say. And further, the master desired to weet if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following. Some say he wrote much things to be delivered to the king, but that is not verily known; some say he had his confessor with him, etc.; and some say he was arraigned in the ship in their manner, upon the impeachments, and found guilty, etc.

"'Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it he remembered Stacy, that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower he would be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived. And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock; and one of the lewdest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly ferd (*dealt*) with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land, by great circumstance and prey. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under-sheriff to the judges to weet what to do; and also to the king, what shall be done. Further I wot not; but thus far is it, if the process be erroneous let his counsel reverse it,' etc.

"The other scenes of this act are almost wholly occupied with the insurrection of Cade. In the principal events the poet has pretty exactly followed the chroniclers; but the vigorous delineation of character is entirely his own. The narrative of Holinshed is copied almost literally from that of Hall, with the introduction, however, of several state papers not given by the elder chronicler. The story is told by Hall with great spirit; and we give it entire to show with what wonderful power Shakspere seized upon these materials to work them up into a representation, universally and permanently true, of the folly and injustice which invariably attend every attempt to redress public grievances by popular violence:—

"'A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the Earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. This captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. These persuasions, with many other fair promises of liberty (which the common people more affect and desire, rather than reasonable obedience and due conformity), so animated the Kentish people, that they, with their captain above named, in good order of battle (not in great number) came to the plain of Blackheath, between Eldham and Greenwich. And to the intent that the cause of this glorious captain's coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsel, he sent to him an humble supplication, with loving words but with malicious intent, affirming his coming not to be against him, but against divers of his counsel, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, flatterers to the king and enemies to his honour, suckers of his purse and robbers of his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to their enemies, for rewards corrupted and for indifferency nothing doing. This proud bill was both of the king and his counsel disdainfully taken, and thereupon great consultation had, and after long debating it was concluded that such proud rebels should rather be suppressed and tamed with violence and force than with fair words or amicable answer: whereupon the king assembled a great army and marched toward them, which had lyen on Blackheath by the space of vii days. The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentle-

men, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomforted. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfiture, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel, not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in which retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords, perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outragious losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingsworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of this city," and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines, Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of

his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then Sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

"'After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Malpas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid v C marks, and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark, divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferent; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blase and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. The wise mayor and sage magistrates of the city of London, perceiving themselves neither to be sure of goods nor of life well warranted, determined with fear to repell and expulse this mischievous head and his ungracious company. And because the Lord Scales was ordained keeper of the Tower of London, with Mathew Gough, the often-named captain in Normandy (as you have heard before), they purposed to make them privy both of their intent and enterprise. The Lord Scales promised them his aid, with shooting of ordinance; and Mathew Gough was by him appointed to assist the mayor and the Londoners, because he was both of manhood and experience greatly renowned and noised. So the captains of the city appointed took upon them in the night to keep the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentish men either to pass or approach. The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where between both parties was a fierce and cruel encounter. Mathew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no further to proceed toward Southwark till the day appeared; to the intent that the citizens, hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drove the citizens from the stoulps at the bridge foot to the drawbridge, and began to set fire in divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died: fearful

women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered. Yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on the drawbridge all the night valiantly; but, in conclusion, the rebels got the drawbridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough, a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king and his father in the part beyond the sea (as before ye have heard). But it is often seen that he which many times had vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion. This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till ix of the clock in the morning, in doubtful chance and fortune's balance. For some time the Londoners were beat back to the stoulps at Saint Magnes corner, and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the stoulps in Southwark; so that both parties, being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark nor the Kentishmen into London.

"After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of galants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester, which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and minished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit disguised, into Sussex; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London bridge.'

"We may add that the following curious entry is found in the Issue Roll, 29th Henry VI.:—

"'To *Alexander* EDEN, *Sheriff of Kent*, and to divers other persons of the same county. In money paid to them, viz., by the hands of

Gervase Clifton, 100*l.*, and by *John Seynder*, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, in part payment of 1000 *marks*, which the Lord the King commanded to be paid to the *same Alexander* and others, as well for taking JOHN CADE, an *Irishman, calling himself John Mortymer*, a great rebel, enemy, and traitor to the King, as also for conducting the person of *John Cade* to the Council of the King, after proclamation thereof made in London, to be had of his gift for their pains in the matter aforesaid.

"'By writ of privy seal amongst the mandates of this term (Easter), 266*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*'"

ACT V.—"The persecution of the Duke of Gloster, the banishment and death of Suffolk, the insurrection of Cade, were events that had long distracted and agitated the people, and prepared the way for the open claim of the house of York to the crown. The return of the Duke of York from Ireland, his demand for the removal of Somerset, and the subsequent dismissal of his forces upon learning that Somerset was a prisoner, are detailed by the chroniclers. The indignation of York upon finding Somerset at liberty is also related by them. The poet leaps over the subsequent committal of York as prisoner to the Tower, and his release under the terror which was produced by the approach of his son Edward towards London with a great army. The duke, previous to his release, solemnly submitted under oath to the king. The poet has preserved the unity of action by destroying the intervals between one event and the other, and bringing causes and consequences into closer union. It is scarcely necessary for us to trace the real course of events, but we transcribe Hall's narrative of the first battle of St. Alban's:—

"'The king, being credibly informed of the great army coming toward him, assembled an host, intending to meet with the duke in the north part, because he had too many friends about the city of London; and for that cause, with great speed and small luck, he, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Earls of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the Lord Clifford and divers other barons, departed out of Westminster, the xx day of May, toward the town, of S. Alban's: of whose doings the Duke of York being advertised by his espials, with all his power coasted the country, and came to the same town the third day next ensuing. The king, hearing of their approaching, sent to him messengers, straitly charging and commanding him, as an obedient subject, to keep the peace, and not, as an enemy to his natural country, to murder and slay his own countrymen and proper nation. While King Henry, more desirous of peace than of war, was sending forth his orators at the one end of the town, the Earl of Warwick, with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the town, and fiercely set on the king's foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the Duke of Somerset and all the other lords with the king's power, which fought a sore and cruel battle, in the which many a tall man lost his life: but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the weary, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by which policy the king's army was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftains of the field almost slain and brought to confusion. For there died,

under the sign of the Castle, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles; and beside him lay Henry the second Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, and vii M men and more.* Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, seeing fortune's lowering chance, left the king post alone, and with a great number fled away. This was the end of the first battle at S. Alban's, which was fought on the Thursday before the feast of Pentecost, being the xxiii day of May. In this xxxiii year of the king's reign, the bodies of the noble men were buried in the monastery, and the mean people in other places.'"

ACT I.

SCENE I.—3. *Procurator.* Proxy, substitute. The word (not found elsewhere in S.) is from the chroniclers. See p. 140 above.

6. *Sicil.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 122: "Of both the Sicils," etc.

19. *Lends.* Changed by Rowe to "lend'st." Cf. Gr. 340.

28. *Alder-liefest.* Dearest of all (A. S.). Cf. iii. 1. 164 below: "My liefest liege;" and see the long note on *Had as lief* in *A. Y. L.* p. 139.

33. *Yclad.* Clad. For the Old English participial prefix *y-*, see Gr. 344.

48. *Thirtieth.* Rowe has "thirteenth."

49. *Duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine.* Changed by Capell to "duchies of Anjou and Maine," as the Cardinal afterwards gives it. As Clarke remarks, the variation (not found in the old plays) may be intentional: "Gloster, while reading, gathers the main purport of the distasteful item, and blurts it out in abstract; while the Cardinal, bid to 'read on,' does so with more verbal precision." Cf. *A. W.* p. 181, note on 307.

60. *Kneel.* Pope adds "you," and the Coll. MS. "thee" (which H. adopts), for the sake of the measure.

80. *Toil.* For the transitive use, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 74: "And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories;" and *Ham.* i. 1. 72: "toils the subject."

90. *And had.* The folios have "hath;" corrected by W. Rowe, H., and others read "And was." Capell has "Or hath" and "Been crown'd" in the next line.

102. *Such circumstance.* "So many instances of aggravation" (Johnson). For *circumstance*=detail, cf. *C. of E.* p. 143, and see on ii. 1. 74 below.

106. *Roast.* This use of the word has never been satisfactorily explained. Richardson plausibly suggests that it may be a corruption of *roost*, which W. puts in the text. The spelling in the folios is "rost."

107. *Duchy.* Changed by Capell and others to "duchies."

---

* Holinshed suggests this is an error for 800. The Paston Letters say "some six score" were slain.

108. *Large style.* Long list of titles. Holinshed speaks of Reignier's "long style" coupled with "too short a purse." See 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 139.

110. *Now, by the death*, etc. The Salisbury of this play was Richard Neville, eldest son of the second wife of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland (*Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*); he was created Earl of Salisbury in right of his wife Alice, daughter and heiress of Thomas Montacute, killed at the siege of Orleans, 1428 (1 *Henry VI.* i. 4). His son, the Earl of Warwick, got his title in right of his wife Anne, sister of Henry Beauchamp, the last Earl and Duke of that family, who died 1445, and heiress of her infant niece Anne, who died 1449.

118. *Wounds.* Coll. conjectures "swords" (from the old play).

121. *Suffocate.* There is an obvious quibble in the word. For the form, see Gr. 342. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 125: "when degree is suffocate."

130. *A whole fifteenth.* This is according to the chroniclers; but in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 93 Suffolk is authorized by the king to "gather up a *tenth*" for his expenses. By a *fifteenth* is meant that fraction of the personal property of each subject (Clarke).

132. *Starv'd.* The folio has "steru'd," as in several other passages. See *M. of V.* p. 158.

142. *Lordings.* Here =lords; as in *P. P.* 211: "It was a lording's daughter." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 9. 3: "Then listen, Lordings," etc. In *W. T.* i. 2. 62 it is =lordlings.

147. *I fear me.* For the reflexive use, cf. 160, iii. 1. 343, and iv. 4. 23 below. It is very common in S.

151. *West.* Changed by Warb. to "east." Johnson remarks: "There are wealthy kingdoms in the *west* as well as in the *east*, and the western kingdoms were more likely to be in the thoughts of the speaker."

153. *Smoothing.* Flattering. See *Rich. III.* pp. 185, 188.

166. *Hoise.* Changed by Theo. to "hoist;" but see *Ham.* p. 241. The old play has "heave."

177. *Pride.* Meaning the Cardinal, as *ambition* the two lords who followed him.

185. *Demean.* Behave. See *C. of E.* p. 140.

186. *Commonweal.* Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 42: "good people in a commonweal," etc. See also i. 4. 46, ii. 1. 22, 185 below. We find *commonwealth* in i. 3. 121, 151, iv. 2. 5, 153.

188. *Housekeeping.* Here apparently =hospitality.

191. *Thy acts in Ireland.* "This is an anachronism. The present scene is in 1445, but Richard Duke of York was not viceroy of Ireland till 1449" (Malone).

201. *Tend.* Capell adds "to;" but *tend* may be =have a care for; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 93: "good angels tend thee!" etc.

205. *The main.* Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 56:

> "I doubt it is no other but the main,—
> His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage."

213. *Tickle.* Ticklish, precarious; as in *M. for M.* i. 2. 177: "thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off." Steevens quotes *Jeronymo*, 1605: "Now stands our fortune on a tickle point;" and *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599: "My tickle

wheel." Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 4. 28: "So ticle be the termes of mortall state;" and *Id.* vii. 7. 22: "On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre," etc.

218. *Thine.* Changed by W. to "mine;" but *thine* may be considered as addressed to himself (cf. 245 fol. below) or to an imaginary auditor. This is no unusual thing in soliloquies. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 55: "Now, sir," etc.; and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 32: "Ha! you shall see now," etc. See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 3. 14, 15, 21, etc.

222. *Whileas.* Used for *while*, as *whereas* (see i. 2. 58 below) for *where*, and *whenas* (see *C. of E.* p. 142) for *when*.

231. *The fatal brand.* According to the myth, Meleager, the *prince of Calydon*, was to live only so long as a certain firebrand was preserved; and when his mother Althæa (cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 164) threw it into the fire he expired in great torments.

For the transposition in *prince's heart of Calydon*, see Gr. 419*a*. Cf. 250 below.

244. *Humours fits.* The reading of all the early eds.; changed by Rowe to "humour fits," and by Malone to "humours fit." Cf. Gr. 333.

248. *Surfeiting in.* Changed by Hanmer to "surfeit in the." Capell conjectured that a line is lost after 249.

250. *Fallen at jars.* Cf. iv. 8. 39 below: "live at jar."

255. *Force perforce.* An emphatic form of *perforce*. See *K. John*, p. 154.

SCENE II.—2. *At.* Changed by Pope to "with."

22. *Dream.* The folios have "dreames;" corrected by Capell. Rowe has "dreams . . . do."

38. *Are crown'd.* The folios have "wer" or "were" for *are;* corrected (from the old play) by Hanmer.

42. *Ill-nurtur'd.* Ill-bred, rude; used again in *V. and A.* 134: "Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice."

47. *Hammering.* Forging, pondering. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 5: "I 'll hammer it out," etc.

54. *Check'd.* Rebuked, "snubbed;" as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 97: "Check'd like a bondman," etc.

58. *Whereas.* See on i. 1. 222 above; and cf. *P. P.* 83: "whereas he stood," etc.

67. *Pageant.* A theatrical exhibition; the most common meaning in S. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

68. *Sir.* A title often given to priests. See *M. W.* p. 129.

71. *I am but grace.* That is, I am only a duchess, and entitled to be called "your grace." Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 1. 16: "Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles;" and see our ed. p. 186.

75. *Margery Jourdain.* Douce says: "It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*, that in the tenth year of King Henry the Sixth, *Margery Jourdemayn*, John Virley, clerk, and friar John Ashwell, were, on the 9th of May, 1433, brought from Windsor by the constable of the castle, to which they had been committed for sorcery, before the council at Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of council, delivered into the custody of the lord chancellor. The same day it was ordered by the lords of council, that

whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should find security for their good behaviour, they should be set at liberty; and in like manner that *Jourdemayn* should be discharged on her husband's finding security. This woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as stated in the play, and also in the chronicles." Cf. p. 141 above.

88. *But how now*, etc. See on i. 1. 218 above. Cf. 102 below.

97. *Dame.* Omitted by Pope.

99. *Buzz.* Whisper. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 171.

100. *A crafty knave*, etc. A proverb in Ray's Collection (Steevens).

105. *Wrack.* The regular spelling in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177.

107. *Sort.* Turn out, befall. See *Much Ado*, p. 158.

SCENE III.—3. *In the quill.* Explained by Halliwell and others as =all together, in a body. In Ainsworth's *Latin Dict.*, 1761, the phrase is rendered by "ex compacto agunt." Cf. a ballad in the Roxburghe Collection:

> "Thus those females were all in a quill,
> And following on their pastime still."

Sr. takes it to be a corruption of "in the coil" =in the bustle, or tumult (cf. *Much Ado*, p. 146, on *Coil*). Nares makes it ="in form and order, like a quilled ruff;" which is not very probable. Other interpretations are hardly worth mentioning. The Coll. MS. reads "in sequel."

29. *Master.* The folios have "Mistresse" or "mistress;" corrected by Warb.

32. *Pursuivant.* State messenger or herald. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 212.

37. *Cullions.* Mean wretches; as in *T. of S.* iv. 2. 20 and *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 22.

51. *Courtship.* Courtliness. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 363: "Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state," etc.

55. *Saws.* Maxims. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 167.

57. *Canoniz'd.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. See *Ham.* p. 194. Walker conjectures that *images* should be "image'." Cf. Gr. 471.

62. *Cause.* Rowe reads "the cause;" but *patient* is a trisyllable. Gr. 479.

65. *Haughty.* The later folios have "haught," and Pope reads "proud."

77. *Revenues.* Accented by S. on the first or second syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 125. On the line cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 84: "Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em."

80. *Callat.* Drab, trull. Cf. *Oth.* p. 201.

84. *Two dukedoms.* Cf. i. 1. 107 above.

85. *Lim'd.* That is, smeared with birdlime. Cf. *Ham.* p. 233.

87. *The lays.* Rowe reads "their lays."

94. *The late complaint.* "That is, the complaint of Peter, the armourer's man, against his master for saying that York was the righttul king" (Johnson).

96. *We'll weed*, etc. The Coll. MS. has "we will weed all the realm."

97. *Helm.* Theo. reads "realm."

100. *Demean'd.* Conducted. See on i. 1. 185 above.

101. *Denay'd.* Denied. Cf. the noun in *T. N.* ii. 4. 127: "My love can give no place, bide no denay." See our ed. p. 142.

114. *Censure.* Opinion, judgment. See *Ham.* p. 190, and cf. the verb in iii. 1. 275 below.

125. *Rack'd.* Harassed with exactions.

128. *Treasury.* Treasure; as in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 165: "With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," etc.

133. *Suspect.* Suspicion; as in iii. 1. 140 and iii. 2. 139 below. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 126, or *Rich. III.* p. 188.

136. *Cry you mercy.* Beg your pardon. Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 159.

139. *My ten commandments.* That is, my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time. Steevens quotes *The Four P's*, 1569: "Thy wifes x com. may serche thy five wits;" *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594: "I would set a tap abroach, and not live in fear of my wife's ten commandments," etc.

143. *Most master.* That is, the one who is most master.

147. *Fury.* The 1st folio has "fume;" and the 2d reads "fume can neede." *Fury* was suggested by D. and Walker, and is adopted by W. and H. If the word was written "furie," the misprint was an easy one.

163. *For.* Because. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian.*

165. *Here.* The Coll. MS. has "there."

166. *Discharge.* Explained by Schmidt as =payment. Others take it to be ="giving up the troops and turning them over to my command."

170. *Fact.* Often =crime. See *W. T.* p. 175, or *Macb.* p. 225.

187. *These ten bones.* These fingers of mine. The expression was an ancient one. Steevens quotes the mystery of *Candlemas Day*, 1512: "But by their bonys ten, thei be to you untrue;" *The Longer thou Livest*, etc., 1570: "By these tenne bones I will, I have sworne," etc.

190. *Mechanical.* Mechanic; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 9: "rude mechanicals."

195. *Prentice.* Often printed "'prentice;" but, though a contraction of *apprentice*, it had come to be a distinct word. Cf. *pothecary*, for which see *R. and J.* p. 218.

207. After this line Theo. inserts from the old play the following:

> "*King.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
> We make your grace regent over the French."

He says that "without them the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion;" but the king's question to Gloster implies that the latter is to decide the matter. As W. remarks, the lines restored by Theo. "were doubtless struck out as enfeebling the impression of Gloster's supremacy." D. and H. insert the lines, the latter reading "our regent o'er the French." Clarke has "lord regent o'er the French." Malone, Capell, Coll., K., the Camb. editors, and others reject the interpolation. Malone suggests that the king expresses his assent by a nod. It is to be noted that the king says nothing about the decision of the protector concerning the combat, to which his formal approval would seem to be as necessary as to the appointment of Somerset to the regency.

SCENE IV.—4. *Exorcisms.* The word is regularly used by S. of raising spirits, not laying or expelling them; and so with *exorcise* and *exorcist.* See *J. C.* p. 150.

7. *Convenient.* Fitting, proper. Cf. *Lear*, p. 252.

14. *Gear.* Matter, business; as in iii. 1. 91 below.

16. *Silent.* The Coll. MS. has "silence" (from the old play).

18. *Ban-dogs.* Properly *band-dogs* (bound dogs), or dogs kept tied or chained. See Wb. Malone says that Cole, in his *Dict.*, 1679, renders ban-dog by "canis catenatus;" and a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1789, quotes Caius, *de Canibus Britannicis:* "Hoc genus canis, catenarium, a catena vel ligamento, qua ad januas interdiu detinetur, ne laedat, et tamen latratu terreat, appellatur."

19. *Break up.* Break open; as in *M. of V.* ii. 4. 10: "to break up this" (a letter), etc. See also 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 13: "Break up the gates," etc.

23. *Adsum.* I am here (Latin). The 1st folio has "Ad sum."

28. *That I had*, etc. Would that I had, etc. As Steevens notes, spirits were supposed to remain above ground with reluctance. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 72: "Dismiss me. Enough."

32. *What fates await*, etc. The wording of the questions here varies somewhat from that given below. This has been explained in sundry ways, as in other instances of the kind. See on i. 1. 49 above.

40. *Avoid.* Away, begone; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 48: "Satan, avoid!" etc.

42. *At an inch.* In the nick of time.

43. *Commonweal.* Changed by Pope to "realm." See on i. 1. 186 above.

46. *Guerdon'd.* Rewarded; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 191: "And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?"

48. *Injurious.* Insulting, insolent. Cf. *Cor.* p. 247.

51. *Asunder.* Pope has "apart."

53. *All forthcoming.* Rowe transposes the words.

62. *Aio te*, etc. I say that you, descendant of Æacus, the Romans can conquer. This was the ambiguous response of the oracle to Pyrrhus when he wished to assist the Tarentines against the Romans. The *te* is not in the early eds., but was supplied by Warb. Rowe has "te Æacidem."

71. *Hardly.* Changed by Theo. to "hardily;" but, as Clarke remarks, "if humoured in the pronunciation, it forms the trisyllabic word needful for the metre, while, by preserving the same form in both lines, the play upon the word is rendered more obvious. York means that the oracles were with difficulty obtained, and with difficulty understood when obtained."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Flying at the brook.* "The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl" (Johnson).

2. *Saw.* For the use of the past tense here, see Gr. 347.

4. *Old Joan had not gone out.* Probably meaning that she "would not have taken flight at the game" (Percy). Johnson thought it meant that "the old hawk would have flown quite away;" but the other explanation seems to be supported by the old books of falconry.

6. *Pitch.* A technical term for the height to which a falcon soars. See *Rich. II.* p. 153, note on 109. So *tower* in 10 below, for which see *Macb.* p. 203.

8. *Fain of.* Fond of, pleased with.

9. *An it like.* If it please. For *like* = please, see *Ham.* p. 202.

16. *Think you by that.* That is, about that. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 60: "How say you by the French lord?" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 150: "I would not have him know so much by me," etc. Gr. 145.

20. *Beat on.* Are intent upon, exercise themselves upon; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 246:

> "Do not infest your mind with beating on
> The strangeness of this business," etc.

21. *Pernicious.* A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 62 above.

22. *Smooth'st.* See on i. 1. 153 above.

24. *Tantaene animis,* etc. Can there be such passions in heavenly minds? (Virgil, *Æneid,* i. 15).

26. *With such holiness can you do it?* A doubtful line which has been variously explained and emended. If we take it as it stands, it is probably ironical. Warb. conjectures "not do it," and Johnson "A churchman, with such," etc. The Coll. MS. has "And with such holiness you well can do it;" which H. adopts, changing "And" to "For." The old play has "dote" for *do it;* and Malone and St. prefer that reading.

29. *As you.* Pope reads "as yourself."

34. *Furious.* The later folios have "too-too furious."

46. *Two-hand sword.* "Long sword" (*M. W.* ii. 1. 236).

48. *Are ye advis'd?* Do you understand? Cf. *T. of S.* p. 136.

52. *Fence.* Skill in fencing. Cf. *Much Ado,* v. 1. 75: "Despite his nice fence and his active practice," etc.

53. *Medice, teipsum—.* "Physician, heal thyself" (*Luke,* iv. 23), the verb being understood. Rowe reads "Medice, cura teipsum."

55. *Stomachs.* Tempers, passions. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 90: "Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!" We find *high-stomached* in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 18. See also *Ps.* ci. 7 (Prayer-Book version): "Whoso hath also a proud look and high stomach, I will not suffer him."

61. *A miracle!* See p. 141 above.

68. *On procession.* Elsewhere we have "in procession."

69. *To present.* Pope "fixes up" the line thus: "Before your highness to present the man."

71. *His sin be multiplied.* Apparently meaning that his temptations will be increased. Cf. p. 26 above.

74. *Circumstance.* Used interchangeably with the plural in the sense of details, particulars. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 178, note on *Stay the circumstance,* and see on i. 1. 102 above.

91. *Simpcox.* The folios have "Symon" or "Simon;" corrected by Pope (the conjecture of Theo.). Capell reads "Saunder" (cf. 123 below).

96. *Off of a tree.* A familiar Yankeeism.

99. *But that.* Only that (tree).

105. *Wink.* Shut them. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 128.

139. *Leap me.* For this expletive use of *me*, see Gr. 220.

142. *Go about.* Attempt. See *M. N. D.* p. 177, or *Hen. V.* p. 174.

158. *You made*, etc. Capell reads: "You, in a day, my lord, made whole towns fly." The allusion is to Suffolk's giving up Anjou and Maine.

161. *Sort.* Set, company; in a contemptuous sense. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort;" and see our ed. p. 161.

Naughty. Worthless, wicked. See *M. of V.* p. 152.

Lewdly. "Not *wantonly*, but *wickedly*" (Steevens). Cf. the use of the adjective (=base, vile) in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 90 (see our ed. p. 152), *Much Ado*, v. 1. 341, etc. See also *Acts*, xvii. 5.

165. *Practis'd.* Plotted; as often. See *A. Y. L.* p. 140.

168. *Spirits.* Monosyllabic; as very often. Cf. Gr. 463.

169. *Demanding of.* Asking questions about.

173. *Forthcoming.* That is, in custody, so as to be *forthcoming* when summoned to trial.

176. *Leave.* Leave off, cease; as, absolutely, in iii. 2. 333 below.

183. *Thou wert best.* It would be best for you. Gr. 230 (cf. 352).

SCENE II.—3. *Close.* Private.

5. *Infallible.* Johnson was in doubt whether this refers to the *opinion* or the *title;* but, as Malone says, it surely means the latter. Boswell asks "If so, why crave their opinions?" Simply because, though he himself has no doubt about it, he wants to know what *they* think of it.

27. *Richard.* The later folios have "King Richard." Pope reads: "Harmless King Richard trait'rously was murther'd."

28. *The truth.* Hanmer has "the very truth," and Capell "surely told the truth."

42. *Who kept him in captivity*, etc. Malone remarks: "Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play; where he is introduced an aged and grey-haired prisoner in the Tower, and represented as having been confined 'since Henry Monmouth first began to reign.' Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his *son-in-law*, Lord Grey of Ruthvin, *in captivity till he died*, and this Lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen's daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by King Henry IV. in ward to his son Henry prince of Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of

the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this earl of March during the whole reign of King Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the earl of Salisbury; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catharine; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1422, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland." Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 149.

43–50. *His eldest . . . Clarence.* The 1st folio reads thus:

> "His eldest Sister, *Anne*,
> My Mother being Heire vnto the Crowne,
> Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
> Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
> *Edward* the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
> By her I clayme the Kingdome:
> She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
> Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*
> Who marryed *Phillip*, sole Daughter
> Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence."

The text is the result of corrections by Rowe, Theo., and Capell.

55. *York claims.* Pope has "York here claims," and Capell "but York claims."

60. *This private plot.* This sequestered spot (Malone). Cf. "close walk" in 3 above.

68. *Advice.* Consideration, deliberation. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 161, note on *Upon more advice.*

77. *Break we off.* Pope reads "here break we off," and omits *at full.* Capell has "My lord, break off."

SCENE III.—3. *Sins.* The folios have "sinne" or "sin;" corrected by Theo.

4. *By God's book.* See *Exod.* xxii. 18.

9. *For you are.* Because you are. See on i. 3. 163 above.

14. *Banishment.* Changed by Pope to "exile."

21. *Would.* Would have, desires. The 2d and 3d folios have "cease" for *ease.*

30. *God and King Henry*, etc. Capell omits this line. D., St., V., Clarke, and H. adopt Johnson's conjecture of "helm," making the sentence a wish. The change is plausible, but not absolutely necessary.

32. *My staff?* etc. After this line the Coll. MS. inserts "To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh."

35. *Willingly.* Pope reads "willing."

41. *Shrewd.* Bad, mischievous. See *J. C.* p. 145.

43. *Raught.* Reached, attained (that is, by Henry). Some would make the word =reft, snatched away; but no other instance of this meaning has been found. For the use of the word in S., cf. *A. and C.* p. 205.

46. *Youngest.* Sr. reads "strongest," and Coll. (from his MS.) "proudest." St. conjectures "haughtiest." The best explanation of the passage as it stands is that which assumes *her* to be =*its*. This use of the feminine pronoun is rare, but not unprecedented. See Gr. 229. *Pride* =state, power.

47. *Let him go.* "Let him pass out of your thoughts" (Steevens).

55. *Defend.* Pope reads "guard."

56. *Worse bested.* "In a worse plight."

59. *With a sand-bag fastened to it.* According to the old laws of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with a staff to the end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Warb. quotes *Hudibras:*

> "Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
> As men with sand-bags did of old."

62. *Charneco.* A kind of wine often mentioned by writers of the time. Steevens says that *Charneco* is a village near Lisbon, and quotes the *European Magazine* for March, 1794, as an authority for the statement.

87. *I will take my death.* That is, I will "take it upon my death" (1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 154); a form of oath sometimes used instead of "take it upon my life." See *K. John*, p. 134, note on 110.

89. *With a downright blow.* Some editors add, from the old play, "as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart." K. remarks: "We have been unwilling to part with these words, although they are wanting in the text as revised by Shakspere. The allusions in our old poets to the older romances form a chain of traditionary literature of which it is not pleasant to lose a single link. We have no doubt that our greatest poet was a diligent student of those ancient legends, upon which one who in many respects greatly resembled him chiefly formed himself. Scott has done more than any man of our own generation to send us back to these well-heads of poesy. His lines in the *Lady of the Lake* illustrate the passage before us:

> 'My sire's tall form might grace the part
> Of Ferragus, or Ascabart.'

Sir Bevis has had monuments of stone (as the Gate at Southampton), and more enduring monuments of literature. He earned these honours, as the legend says, by the conquest of the mightiest of giants, who yet stands by his side, in the sculptured record, as a person of very reasonable dimensions. But the romance (we give the modernized version of Ellis) tells us something different:—

> 'This giant was mighty and strong,
> And full thirty feet was long.
> He was bristled like a sow;
> A foot he had between each brow:
> His lips were great and hung aside;
> His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;

Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man:
His staff was a young oak,—
Hard and heavy was his stroke.' "

THE BAR-GATE, SOUTHAMPTON.

For *Bevis*, cf. *Hen. VIII.* p. 157.

95. *In thy master's way.* That is, which has been in his way, or has disabled him in the fight.

102. *To have murther'd.* Pope reads "to murder." Cf. Gr. 360.

SCENE IV.—3. *Barren.* Pope reads "The barren," and omits *wrathful.* Capell has "Bare" for *Barren.*

8. *Uneath.* Not easily; a word often used by Chaucer and Spenser. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 9. 38: "Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath;" *Id.* i. 11. 4: "And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground," etc.

10. *Abrook.* Brook, endure.

12. *Envious.* Malicious, spiteful; as in 35 and iii. 1. 157 below. Cf. *envy* in iv. 10. 20 below. The 2d folio inserts "still" before *laughing*, and Lettsom conjectures "and."

31. *Mail'd up in shame.* "Wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance" (Johnson).

33. *Deep-fet.* "Deep-fetched" (Pope's reading). Cf. *fet* in *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 18 (see our ed. p. 163), and *far-fet* in iii. 1. 293 below.

36. *Advised.* Heedful, careful. Cf. v. 2. 47 below, and *advice* in i. 2. 68 above.

38. *Trow'st.* Thinkest, believest; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 85.

45. *As.* That. Cf. Gr. 109.

Forlorn. Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented; as in iii. 2. 77 below. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 125.

46. *Pointing-stock.* An object to be pointed at. Cf. *laughing-stock.*

54. *Lim'd.* See on i. 3. 85 above.

56. *But fear not thou,* etc. Ironical, of course.

62. *Scath.* Injury. See *K. John,* p. 141.

65. *Yet.* For the transposition in negative sentences, see Gr. 76.

68. *Patience.* A trisyllable; like *patient* in i. 3. 62 above. *Sort* =adapt, attemper; as in *R. of L.* 1221: "And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow," etc.

73. *Close.* Secret, sly. Cf. ii. 2. 3 above.

79. *Here.* Now, from this point. Heath conjectures "hence," and Walker "there," which H. adopts.

81. *Entreat.* Treat; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 1. 37, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 151, etc. See also *Jer.* xv. 11, *Acts,* vii. 6, 1 *Tim.* v. 1, etc.

82. *The world may laugh again.* Fortune may smile upon me again.

87. *Gone too?* The 1st folio has "gone to?" Coll. reads (from his MS.) "gone so?" Clarke explains *too* as =" too truly, in truth, indeed." The meaning, however, may be: Art thou too gone, as all my other friends have deserted me?

89. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid,* which Pope substitutes here.

101. *Conduct.* Conductor; as in *R. and J.* iii. 1. 139: "And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now," etc.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sound a sennet.* A *sennet* was a particular set of notes on the trumpet or cornet. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

1. *Muse.* Wonder. See *K. John,* p. 158, or *Mach.* p. 219.

9. *Since.* When. See Gr. 132.

12. *That.* So that. Gr. 283. Cf. 123 below.

23. *Me seemeth.* It seems to me; often printed as one word, like *methinks.* The *me* is a dative. See *M. of V.* p. 135 (on *Methought*), or Gr. 297.

24. *Respecting.* Considering; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 180: "Respecting this our marriage," etc.

35. *Collect.* Gather by observation.

36. *Fond.* Foolish; as in 74 below.

38. *Subscribe.* Give up, yield the point. See 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 148.

40. *Reprove.* Disprove, refute; as in *Much Ado,* ii. 3. 241: "'t is so, I cannot reprove it," etc.

48. *Reputing of.* Priding himself upon, boasting of. Rowe reads "repeating of" and Hanmer "the repeating of."

53. *Deep.* Capell has "deepest" (from the old play).

64. *To.* Compared with. See Gr. 187.

66. *At once.* Once for all, in a word.

72. *Well given.* Well disposed; as in *J. C.* i. 2. 197: "He is a noble Roman and well given."

74. *Affiance.* Confidence; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 127 and *Cymb.* i. 6. 163.

91. *Gear.* See on i. 4. 14 above.

98. *Suffolk, thou.* The 2d folio inserts "yet" before *thou*, and Malone reads "Suffolk's duke" (from the old play). Walker conjectures "Suffolk, well, thou."

107. *What.* Who; as often. Gr. 254.

112. *Doit.* The smallest of coins. See *Cor.* p. 208.

117. *Dispursed.* The 4th folio has "disbursed."

123. *That.* So that. Cf. 12 above.

130. *Condign.* For the accent, see on *forlorn*, ii. 4. 45 above.

132. *What.* Whatever. Gr. 254.

133. *Easy.* Slight, venial; or perhaps = "easily," which is the reading of the Coll. MS.

140. *Suspect.* The folios have "suspence;" corrected by Capell. See on i. 3. 133 above.

146. *Exil'd.* The verb is accented on the last syllable, except in *R. of L.* 640 and *Macb.* v. 8. 66; the noun on either syllable, as suits the measure.

159. *Overweening.* Arrogant, presumptuous. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 34: "Here 's an overweening rogue!"

160. *Accuse.* The only instance of the noun in S.

164. *Liefest.* Dearest. See on i. 1. 28 above.

170. *Effected.* Carried into effect, verified.

178. *Twit.* Twitted. For the form, see Gr. 342.

179. *Clerkly couch'd.* Adroitly put, after the manner of a clerk or scholar. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 115: "'t is very clerkly done."

192. *Gnarling.* Snarling, growling; as in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 292: "For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite," etc.

203. *Map of honour.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 12: "Thou map of honour;" where, however, it means the mere outline, which is all that is left of it.

211. *Strays.* Thirlby asks how it can *stray* when it is *bound*, and conjectures "strives;" but Tollet says: "It is common for butchers to tie a rope or halter about the neck of a calf when they take it away from the breeder's farm, and to beat it gently if it attempts to stray from the direct road."

217. *Bewails.* Rowe reads "bewail;" but the change of person in the sentence is not unprecedented in S. Cf. *W. T.* p. 169, note on *Professes.* See also Gr. 302.

222. *Who's a traitor?* There is small choice between this pointing and that with a comma after *traitor*, making *who* = whoever.

223. *Free.* "By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel), you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king, but are men of the world and know how to live" (Warb.); or, perhaps, free to speak your minds, now that the king has gone. Hanmer reads "See, lords," and the Coll. MS. (followed by W. and H.) "Fair lords," which is plausible and favoured by the use of *fair* in many similar addresses.

226. *The mournful crocodile.* This creature was supposed to utter cries like those of a weeping child, in order to attract and entrap the guileless passer-by. Cf. *Oth.* p. 198, note on 232.

228. *Flowering.* Changed by Rowe to "flowery."

229. *Slough.* Skin; as in *T. N.* ii. 5. 161 and *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 23.

236. *Colour.* Pretext; as in *A. and C.* i. 3. 32: "seek no colour for your going," etc.

248. *Empty.* Famished; as in *V. and A.* 55: "an empty eagle, sharp by fast," etc.

261. *Quillets.* Nice questions. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 17: "these nice sharp quillets of the law," etc.

264. *Deceit.* Delius conjectures "conceit."

265. *Mates.* It is a disputed question whether this is =confounds, paralyzes (cf. *Macb.* p. 247), or =checkmates. Clarke thinks that it includes both senses, which is not unlikely.

272. *Priest.* That is, confessor.

275. *Censure well.* Think well of, approve. Cf. the noun in i. 3. 114 above.

277. *Tender.* Have regard for. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 32: "Tendering the precious safety of my prince," etc.

281. *Skills not.* Matters not. Cf. *T. N.* p. 167.

282. *Amain.* With full force; hence swiftly. Cf. v. 1. 114 below.

285. *Betime.* Not so common as *betimes* (see 297 below).

288. *Expedient.* Expeditious, speedy. See *K. John*, p. 141.

293. *Far-fet.* Far-fetched. See on ii. 4. 33 above.

300. *Character'd.* For the accent, cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 136. Gr. 490.

301. *Do.* Changed by Hanmer to "doth;" but the implied subject is *men.* Cf. Gr. 337.

306. *Happily.* The 2d folio has "haply," but *happily* is used in the same sense when the measure requires a trisyllable, and sometimes when it does not. See *Ham.* pp. 175, 208, or Gr. 42.

310. *Kerns.* Light-armed soldiers. Cf. iv. 9. 26 below. See also *Rich. II.* p. 175, or *Macb.* p. 153. *Uncivil*=uncivilized, rude. Cf. *civil'st* in iv. 7. 55 below.

320. *Take order.* Take measures, make arrangements. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 210.

324. *That.* So that; as in 12 and 123 above.

328. *Soldiers.* A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 5. 141, etc. Gr. 479.

332. *Resolution.* Metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

343. *Starved.* Frozen. For the original meaning of the word, see *M. of V.* p. 158.

348. *Nourish.* The Coll. MS. has "march."

352. *The golden circuit.* Cf. "the golden round" in *Macb.* i. 2. 59, and "golden rigol" in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 36 (see our ed. p. 193).

354. *Flaw.* "A sudden violent gust of wind" (Johnson); a familiar word in this country, if not in England.

363. *Porpentine.* Porcupine; the only name of the animal in S. Cf. *Ham.* p. 195.

365. *Morisco.* Morris-dancer; as the *bells* makes evident. Harris says: "Morrice-dancing, with bells on the legs, is common at this day in Oxfordshire and the adjacent counties, on May-Day, Holy Thursday, and Whitsun-ales." See *Hen. V.* p. 159 (note on 25), or Douce's *Illustrations.*

380. *Strength.* Armed force; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 388, 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 76, etc. Cf. *power* in iv. 4. 40 below.

383. *The next.* The Coll. MS. has "then next."

SCENE II.—8. *Well said.* Well done; as often. See *R. and J.* p. 161, or *Oth.* p. 174.

11. *Is all things well?* The 2d folio changes *Is* to "are." Cf. Gr. 335. The answer shows that *Is* should be retained. Rowe changed *'Tis* to "Yes."

20. *Straiter.* More strictly or severely.

22. *Approv'd.* Proved. See *Rich. II.* p. 163. For *practice* (=plotting, conspiracy), cf. iii. 1. 46 above.

26. *Meg.* The early eds. have "Nell;" corrected by Capell. As the Camb. editors remark, the slip is in all probability the poet's own. He was thinking of the Duchess of Gloster. It is curious that neither Rowe nor Pope discovered the blunder here. We also find "Elianor" or "Elinor" for *Margaret* in 79, 100, and 120 below, where the correction is due to Rowe.

34. *Rear.* Raise. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 295: "when I rear my hand," etc.

40. *Right now.* Just now.

52. *Basilisk.* This fabulous monster was supposed to kill by a glance of its eyes. See *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*), or *R. and J.* p. 186 (on *Death-darting eye*).

61. *Blood-consuming sighs.* Alluding to the old notion that each sigh took a drop of blood from the heart. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 97: "With sighs of love that costs the fresh blood dear;" and see our ed. p. 163.

70. *Ay me.* Changed by Pope (followed by H.) to "ah me," which is not found in S. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

73. *Be woe for me.* Feel woe or sorrow for me; as *woe is me*=woe is mine, I feel sorrow. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 2: "woe is my heart," etc.

76. *Like the adder.* Cf. *Sonn.* 112. 10 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 172. See also *Ps.* lviii. 4.

77. *Forlorn.* For the accent, see on ii. 4. 45 above.

80. *Statua.* The folios have "statue," but *statua* was a common form of the word when a trisyllable. See *J. C.* p. 152, and cf. Gr. 487.

83. *Awkward.* "Adverse" (Pope's reading). Malone quotes Marlowe, *Edw. III.*: "With awkward winds, and with sore tempests driven;" and Drayton, *Epist. from Rich. II. to Queen Isabel:* "Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

88. *Curs'd.* Changed by Hanmer to "curse." Sr. changes *gentle* to "ungentle;" but, like *well forewarning wind* and *pretty-vaulting sea*, the epithet shows that she considered the winds and waves friendly in keeping her from England. This is, indeed, the tone of the entire context.

89. *He that loos'd them*, etc. Alluding to *Æolus*, the ancient guardian of the winds.

94. *Pretty-vaulting.* The hyphen was first inserted by D. (the conjecture of Walker).

100. *Perish.* For the active sense, Steevens compares B. and F., *The Maid's Tragedy:*

> "let not my sins
> Perish your noble youth."

See also Bacon, *Ess.* 27: "That closenesse did impaire, and a little perish his understanding."

101. *Thy.* Changed by Pope to "the."

116. *Witch.* The folios have "watch;" corrected by Theo. *Witch'd* just below shows that he was right.

Theo. also notes that in the *Æneid* it was Æneas who told the story of his acts to Dido, and that *Ascanius* was Cupid in disguise. The oversight—for such we have no doubt it was—is explained away by Boswell, who says that "while Dido was caressing the supposed Ascanius, she would naturally speak to him about his father, and would be *witched* by what she learned from him," etc.

117. *Madding.* That is, becoming mad with love.

127. *Who.* Hanmer, of course, changes it to "whom." Cf. Gr. 274.

131. *Henry.* A trisyllable; as often. Gr. 477.

139. *Suspect.* See on i. 3. 133 above.

141. *Paly.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 8: "paly flames;" and *R. and J.* iv. 1. 100: "paly ashes."

142. *Drain.* Rann and H. read "rain" (the plausible conjecture of Capell). Malone remarks: "As when a thing is *drained*, drops of water issue from it, the poet licentiously uses the word here in the sense of *dropping*, or *distilling*."

152. *For seeing.* Capell changes *For* to "And," and also reads "death in life" (the conjecture of Johnson). The meaning is "I see my life as it is threatened by similar death, and as it will be in death" (Clarke).

159. *Instance.* Evidence, proof. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 135.

161. *Timely-parted.* Having died in due time, or by a natural death. Some make it = newly-departed, recently dead. *Ghost* = corpse. Malone compares the old play: "Sweet father, to thy murther'd ghost I swear" (where Young Clifford is addressing the dead body).

163. *Being all descended.* Referring to the *blood* implied in *bloodless*.

165. *Aidance.* The word occurs again in *V. and A.* 330: "the aidance of the tongue."

This passage has been cited, with other similar ones, as evidence that S. had anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; but it simply illustrates the vague ideas on the subject that prevailed before the publication of the *Exercitatio de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis* in 1628.

176. *Lodg'd.* English commentators say that this was "formerly the technical expression for the beating down of grain by violent weather." It is still in common use in New England.

179. *Do the duke to death.* Cf. 244 below. See also *Much Ado*, p. 169, note on *Done to death.*

187. *Timeless.* Untimely; as in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5: "his timeless end," etc.

191. *Puttock's.* Kite's. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 168.

205. *Controller.* "Censurer, detractor" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 60: "Saucy controller of our private steps!" It may, however, be =one who tries to *control* or dictate to others.

214. *Graft.* The participle of *graff*, for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 171.

216. *Bucklers.* Shields, defends. See *T. of S.* p. 153.

218. *Quitting.* Freeing, delivering; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 47, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 70, etc.

244. *False.* The folios have "Lord;" corrected by Malone (from the old play).

250. *Instinct.* Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149.

257. *In pain.* Capell conjectured "On pain," which is the regular phrase elsewhere in S. Cf. 288 below.

258. *Edict.* Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Gr. 490.

263. *Worm.* Serpent. See *A. and C.* p. 216.

265. *Whether.* The folios have "where." See Gr. 466.

271. *'T is like.* It is likely that; ironical.

274. *Quaint.* Fine; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 149: "The quaint musician, amorous Licio," etc.

277. *Sort.* Set, pack. See on ii. 1. 161 above.

281. *Cited.* Urged; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 85, etc.

287. *Breathe infection.* "Contaminate this air with his infected breath" (Malone). For *in*=into, see Gr. 159.

301. *Sour.* Much used by S. in the sense of bitter, distasteful, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 6. 20: "sour melancholy;" 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 24: "sour adversity;'" *R. and J.* iii. 2. 116: "sour woe;" *Id.* v. 3. 82: "sour misfortune," etc.

310. *The mandrake's groan.* On the superstitious belief that the mandrake, when torn from the earth, uttered shrieks that made the hearer mad, see the long note in *R. and J.* p. 206.

312. *Curst.* Sharp, bitter. It is commonly =vixenish, waspish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167.

318. *Distract.* For the form, see Gr. 342.

324. *Basilisks.* See on 52 above.

325. *Lizards' stings.* The lizard has no sting, but it was an old notion that it had. Clarke says that this is still a popular belief in Italy concerning one species of the reptile.

327. *Consort.* Band of musicians. See *T. G. of V.* p. 143. Theo. has been generally followed in reading "concert," a word not found in S.

333. *Leave.* Leave off, desist. See on ii. 1. 176 above.

342. *Monuments.* Mementoes; as in *R. of L.* 798, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 6, etc. Cf. iv. 3. 10 below.

344. *That thou mightst think*, etc. "That by the impression of my kiss

forever remaining on thy hand thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee" (Johnson).

349. *Repeal.* Recall from banishment. See *J. C.* p. 157, note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother.*

359. *Thence.* That is, away from that land. The 2d folio has "hence," which is adopted by some recent editors.

366. *Myself to joy*, etc. The early eds. have "no" for *to*, which is the reading of the Coll. MS., adopted by Sr., D., W., Clarke, H., and others.

381. *An hour's poor loss.* The meaning seems to be, as Malone gives it, a loss which will be felt only for an hour, or temporarily. Other explanations hardly deserve notice.

394. *Where.* Whereas; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 22, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 185, etc. For *whereas* = where, see on i. 1. 222 above.

401. *From thee.* Away from thee. Gr. 158.

403. *Corrosive.* Accented on the first syllable; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 3, the only other instance of the word in S. It was often written *corsive.* Malone quotes, among other instances, B. J., *Alchemist:* "Beside your beech-coal and your corsive waters." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 9. 14:

> "And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
> Her tender heart and made refraine from meat."

407. *An Iris.* That is, a messenger, as Iris was of Juno. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 158:

> "this distemper'd messenger of wet,
> The many-colour'd Iris," etc.

409. *Cask.* Casket; the only instance of the word in S.

411. *Splitted.* Found also as the participle in *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, v. 1. 308, and *A. and C.* v. 1. 24.

SCENE III.—1. *Sovereign.* The Coll. MS. has "king."

13. *A thousand pound.* See *Rich. II.* p. 182.

16. *Lime-twigs.* See on i. 3. 85 above.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—1. *Blabbing.* "The epithet *blabbing* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*" (Johnson). *Remorseful* = pitiful. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 2. 47: "Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day."

3. *The jades*, etc. The dragons of Night's chariot. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 379: "For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast;" and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 48: "Swift, swift, you dragons of the night."

6. *Clip.* Embrace. Cf. *K. John*, p. 172, or *Oth.* p. 192. Here the word is spelt "Cleape" or "Cleap" in the folios. Pope (2d ed.) reads "Clap."

9. *Pinnace.* A small vessel. Cf. *M. W.* p. 139.

13. *Boot.* Booty. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 194: "Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," etc.

22. *Be counterpois'd.* Capell reads "Cannot be pois'd," and Malone "Cannot be counterpois'd." The Coll. MS. has "Can lives," etc.

29. *My George.* Referring to the badge of the Knights of the Garter, which bore the image of St. George on horseback. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 234.

35. *Water.* It would seem from this that *Walter* was pronounced *Water.* In *Rich. III.* v. 5. 13 the quartos spell the name *Water.*

48. *Jove sometime,* etc. This line, omitted in the folios, was restored by Pope from the old play.

50. The folios make this line a part of the preceding speech; corrected by Pope, as in the old play. From the same source he took *lowly* for the folio "lowsie."

52. *Jaded.* Fit only to wait on jades, or to be treated like a jade (that is, a worthless nag). Capell reads "jady" (from the old play).

54. *Foot-cloth.* A kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground. Cf. iv. 7. 42 below. See also *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 86: "my foot-cloth horse."

60. *Abortive.* Monstrous, unnatural.

61. *Voiding lobby.* Porch, anteroom; viewed here as the place of *exit* rather than of entrance.

64. *Charm.* Silence (as with a spell). See *Oth.* p. 207.

65. *Forlorn.* For the accent, see on ii. 4. 45 above. The Coll. MS. has "foul-tongued slave."

71. *Kennel.* Gutter; as in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 98, the only other instance of the word in S. The play on *Pole,* which was pronounced *Poole,* is obvious.

74. *For swallowing.* For fear of its swallowing, that it may not swallow (Malone). Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 126, note on *For catching cold.*

80. *Affy.* Affiance, betroth; as in *T. of S.* iv. 4. 49: "We be affied," etc.

85. *Gobbets.* Mouthfuls; used by S. only here and in v. 2. 58 below. The folios have "mother-bleeding;" corrected by Rowe.

87. *Thorough.* Used interchangeably with *through.* See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares.*

93. *Are rising.* The folios have "and" for *are;* corrected by Rowe.

95. *A guiltless king.* That is, Richard II.

98. *Advance.* Uplift. See *Cor.* p. 210.

Our half-fac'd sun, etc. Camden says: "Edward III. bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud." *Invitis nubibus*=in spite of the clouds (Latin).

108. *Bargulus.* This pirate is mentioned by Cicero in his *De Officiis:* "Bargulus, Illyrius latro." In the old play we have instead

> "mighty Abradas,
> The great Macedonian pirate,"

who is also referred to in Greene's *Penelope's Web,* 1601: "Abradas the great Macedonian pirat thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." Hanmer reads "Bardylis," which seems to have been the correct form of the name.

117. *Gelidus timor occupat artus.* Chill fear seizes my limbs. The 1st

folio has "Pine" before *gelidus;* and Theo. reads "pænæ" and Malone "pene." The quotation has not been traced; but it may be a modification of Virgil's "subitus tremor occupat artus" (*Æn.* vii. 446,* and again without *subitus* in *Id.* xi. 424). V. suggests that it may be from Mantuanus (cf. *L. L. L.* p. 146).

129. *True nobility*, etc. Lloyd conjectures "Exempt from fear is true nobility;" and H. reads "Exempt is true nobility from fear."

131. *Hale.* Haul, drag. Cf. iv. 8. 54 below. See also *Much Ado*, p. 137.

134. *Bezonians.* Base fellows, beggars. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 202.

135. *Sworder.* Gladiator. The word occurs again in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 31.

136. *Bastard.* Changed by Theo. to "dastard." Brutus was the son of Servilia, who had been concubine to Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.

Pompey was killed, not by *savage islanders*, but by Achillas and Septimius, soldiers of Ptolemy.

SCENE II.—15. *As much to say as.* See *T. N.* p. 128.

27. *Argo.* A vulgar corruption of the Latin *ergo.* Cf. *argal* in *Ham.* v. 1. 13, 21, 55.

30. *A cade.* A cask containing six hundred herring ("six score to the hundred"). This is from Malone, who remarks that the *cade* is "less than a *barrel*," which contained a thousand herring; but W. quotes Malone as making the *cade* hold "seventy-two thousand herring."

31. *Shall fall before us.* He would connect his name with the Latin *cado* (=fall). This seems out of place in the mouth of the unlettered rebel; but, as has been suggested, he may have got it from Suffolk. It was more likely an oversight on the part of the dramatist, like the "in capite" in iv. 7. 114 below, which cannot be ascribed to Suffolk: *Fall* is the reading of the 4th folio, the earlier folios having "faile" or "fail."

44. *Bucks.* Linen for the wash. Cf. *buck-basket* in *M. W.* iii. 3. 32, and *bucking* (=washing foul linen) in *Id.* iii. 3. 140.

46. *Field.* Some see a play on the heraldic sense of the word.

48. *Cage.* Lock-up, prison. Steevens says: "There is scarce a village in England which has not a temporary place of confinement, still called *The Cage*." W. reminds us that Christian and Faithful were confined in "the cage" at Vanity Fair.

56. *Of proof.* Well tried or much worn; with a play on the expression as applied to armour. See *Rich. II.* p. 162.

61. *Three-hooped pot.* A wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops.

75. *Was.* For the past tense with *since*, see on ii. 1. 2 above.

78. *Accompt.* According to Schmidt, this form of the noun is found 13 times in the folio, and *account* 17 times. The verb is always *account.*

84. *Make obligations.* Draw up bonds.

---

* It is found also in Ovid, *Met.* iii. 40. Grey and Malone cite passages from Ovid which are less like the text, but overlook this one.

85. *Proper.* Comely. Cf. *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture.*

89. *On the top of letters.* Public documents and private letters were often headed with the name *Emmanuel* (=God be with us). Steevens quotes the old play of *Hen. V.*: "under your broad seal Emanuel." St. quotes a letter from Speed the historian to Sir Robert Cotton, written about 1609 or 1610:

"EMANUELL.

Worshipfull Sir, my thoughts runnyng upon the well performance of this worke," etc.

He adds that in a single MS. in the British Museum (*Add. MSS.* 19,400) there are no less than fourteen private epistles headed "Emanewell," "Jesus Immanuel," etc.

101. *Particular.* Jocosely opposed to *general.*

114. *Revolt.* That is, desert Cade.

117. *I pass not.* "I pay them no regard" (Johnson). Steevens quotes Drayton, *Quest of Cinthia:*

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I pass not what it be."

Hanmer reads "I pass them."

122. *Shearman.* According to Nares and others, one who sheared woollen cloth in the manufacture of it. W. explains it as "a cutter, a tailor."

146. *Span-counter.* A juvenile game, in which pieces of money or counters were thrown, the aim being to throw a second piece so as to hit the first or come within a span of it, and thus win it.

151. *Mained.* Lamed; a provincialism, here used for the sake of the play on *Maine.* Rowe reads "maim'd."

153. *Gelded.* For the figurative use, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 173.

172. *Clouted shoon.* Shoes with clouts, or hobnails in their soles; or, as some say, patched shoes. Cf. *Cymb.* p. 206, note on *Clouted brogues.* For the old plural *shoon*, cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 26.

SCENE III.—7. *For a hundred lacking one.* In the reign of Elizabeth, butchers were forbidden to sell flesh-meat during Lent; but by special license they might kill a certain number of beasts each week, nominally for the sake of invalids who could not do without animal food (Malone). Malone adds "a week" here (from the old play), but the abbreviated expression may also have been in familiar use. Cf. "at twelve score" (that is, yards) in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 52, etc.

10. *Monument.* Memorial. See on iii. 2. 342 above.

12. *Horse.* The reading of the 1st and 2d folios, and probably a colloquial form for the possessive. See *Mach.* p. 204 (note on *Horses*) or Gr. 471. Rowe has "horse's," and D. "horse'."

SCENE IV.—16. *Like a wandering planet.* For the astrological allusion, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 201, ii. 1. 105, 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 23, 54, etc.

22. *Still lamenting.* Pope transposes the words.

23. *Fear me, love.* Capell reads "fear, my love" (from the old play).

34. *Stafford.* The possessive inflection is understood. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 30: "Until her husband and my lord's return," etc. Gr. 397.

39. *Killingworth.* An old form (and even now a local pronunciation) of *Kenilworth.*

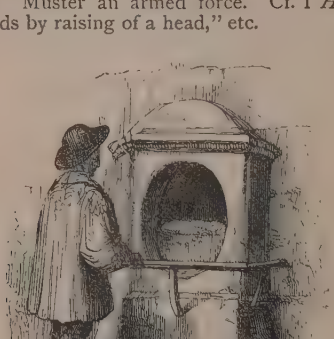
40. *Power.* Armed force; as often, both in the singular and in the plural.

43. *Hate.* The 1st folio has "hateth;" corrected in the 2d. Capell reads "traitor rebel hateth."

58. *Be betray'd.* The *be* is omitted in the 1st folio.

SCENE V.—8. *Assayed.* Essayed, attempted. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 149.

9. *Gather head.* Muster an armed force. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 284: "To save our heads by raising of a head," etc.



LONDON-STONE.

SCENE VI.—2. *London-stone.* This ancient landmark is still carefully preserved in London, being encased in masonry and built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, opposite the Cannon Street Railway Station.* It is supposed by Camden to have been a Roman *milliarium*—the centre from which all the great Roman roads radiated over England, corresponding to the Golden Milestone in the Forum at Rome. It came to be looked upon as a kind of palladium in the metropolis, and Cade evidently so regards it here.

Of the city's cost. Of=at; as in i. 1. 58 above. Gr. 168.

3. *The conduit.* This was probably "the Standarde in Cheape,"

* The stone as we now see it is probably only a small fragment of the original. Since the drawing for the cut (from Knight) was made, an ornamental iron railing has been placed in front of the niche.

which, according to Stowe, was erected by "John Wels, grocer, maior 1430," and was "a small cesterne for fresh water, having one cocke continually running."

13. *London bridge.* The bridge was then of wood.

THE SAVOY.

SCENE VII.—1. *The Savoy.* The palace of the Duke of Lancaster. See *Rich. II.* p. 156.

2. *Inns of court.* The buildings occupied by the lawyers and their students. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 14: "He must, then, to the inns o' court shortly. I was once of Clement's Inn," etc. "Gray's Inn," mentioned by Shallow a few lines below the passage just quoted, is still one of the four Inns of Court.

20. *Fifteens.* Fifteenths. See on i. 1. 130 above.

23. *Thou say.* *Say* was a thin woven stuff, sometimes of silk and sometimes of wool. See Wb.

32. *Printing.* Not introduced into England till some twenty years later.

40. *Thou hast hanged them.* "That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy" (Johnson).

42. *Foot-cloth.* See on iv. 1. 54 above.

51. *Bona terra, mala gens.* A good land, a bad people (Latin).

55. *The civil'st place*, etc. Cæsar says: "Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt;" which is thus translated by Golding, 1590: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke."

56. *Because full.* Hanmer reads "beauteous, full."

64. *But to maintain*, etc. The folios have "Kent to maintain," etc. Coll. and some others make "Kent" a vocative. It is probable, however, that the word is a misprint for *But*, as Johnson conjectured, and as most of the editors agree. It has been objected to the emendation that it makes Say confess to the exactions of which he is accused; but he defends himself by the plea that he has exacted nothing except for the benefit of his accusers.

66. *My book.* It is not known to what this refers. Some make *book* =learning, scholarship.

77. *For watching.* That is, because of it. Gr. 150.

82. *A hempen caudle.* A slang phrase for hanging. For *caudle* (=a cordial drink), cf. *L. L. L.* p. 150.

For *the help of hatchet*, Farmer conjectures "pap with a hatchet," which was also a vulgar phrase of the time; but the folios all agree in the reading, except that the later ones insert "a" before *hatchet*.

94. *Free from guiltless bloodshedding.* Free from the shedding of innocent blood.

99. *Familiar.* That is, familiar spirit, or demon.

102. *Sir James Cromer.* As Ritson points out, it was Sir William Cromer, sheriff of Kent, whom Cade put to death.

106. *Obdurate.* Accented on the second syllable, as elsewhere in S. Cf. *Rich. III.* p. 192.

114. *In capite.* "A law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord" (Clarke). See on iv. 2. 31 above.

116. *Take up commodities upon our bills.* There is a play on *bills* in the senses of bonds and halberds (cf. iv. 10. 11 below); as in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 191: "We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills." *Take up*, which meant to get goods on credit, is also played upon here as there. See *Much Ado*, p. 148.

SCENE VIII. — 1. *Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner!* These localities are on the other side of the river from Southwark, where the scene is evidently laid; but they may be directions given to bands that are to cross the river.

2. *Rebel.* The folios have "rabble;" corrected in the Coll. MS.

24. *Given out.* Given up. In *White Hart* there may be, as Walker suggests, a play on *white heart* as a symbol of cowardice. The 2d folio prints it "white-heart."

32. *Henry.* A trisyllable. See on iii. 2. 131 above.

44. *Villiaco.* The folios have "Villiago," and Theo. reads "Villageois."

97. *Palmer's.* Pilgrim's. See *A. W.* p. 161.

100. *Like to Achilles' spear.* Malone quotes Greene, *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

> "Where I took hurt, there have I heal'd myself;
> As those that with Achilles' launce were wounded,
> Fetch'd help at self-same pointed speare;"

and Propertius, ii. 1:

> "Mysus et Aemonia juvenis qua cuspide vulnus
> Senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem."

103. *Act.* Put in action. Capell conjectured "enact."

109. *These.* It has been matter of dispute whether this refers to his knees (as Tyrwhitt explains it) or to his sons (Mason) or his troops (Malone). It may include both the latter, as Clarke suggests. The folios have "thee;" corrected by Theo. Hanmer has "them."

111. *Sons.* The 1st folio has "sonne;" corrected in the 2d.

112. *Ward.* Custody, prison.

120. *Bane.* Theo. reads "bale" (=evil), assuming that a quibble is intended.

130. *Mistak'st.* The 1st folio has "mistakes."

131. *Bedlam.* Dr. Grey called this an anachronism; but Ritson quotes Stow to prove that the "Hospitall of S. Mary of Bethelem" was founded in 1246, and was "an hospitall for distracted people."

144. *Bears.* "The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance" (Sir J. Hawkins). Cf. 203 below.

146. *Fell-lurking.* "A compound of cruelty and treachery" (Steevens). Capell omits the hyphen. The Coll. MS. has "fell-looking;" and H. adopts Heath's conjecture of "fell-lurching."

148. *We'll bait thy bears.* Bear-baiting was one of the popular amusements of the time of S. Cf. *T. N.* p. 125 (note on 87), and *M. W.* p. 136 (on *Sackerson*).

149. *Bear-herd.* The folios have "berard" or "bearard." Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 129.

151. *O'erweening.* Presumptuous. See on iii. 1. 159 above.

153. *Being suffer'd with.* Being allowed to come in contact with; as opposed to *withheld*. Cf. iii. 2. 262 above.

157. *Indigested.* Shapeless; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 51. Cf. also *indigest* in *Sonn.* 114. 5.

168. *In the earth.* On the earth.

169. *Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war?* "Art thou so enamoured of war that thou wilt even go and dig thy own grave to find it out?" (Heath). But, as H. suggests, *to find out* may be =by finding out. Cf. Gr. 356.

174. *Mickle.* Great. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 35: "I shall die with mickle age," etc. The 2d folio misprints "milckie," which the 3d makes "milky."

181. *Dispense with heaven.* Obtain dispensation from heaven" (Clarke).

182. *It is great sin*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 279 fol.

187. *Reave.* Bereave, deprive. Cf. *V. and A.* 766: "Or butcher-sire

that reaves his son of life," etc. The participle *reft* is still in use, at least in poetry.

188. *Custom'd.* Not a contraction of *accustomed*. See *K. John*, p. 162.

191. *Sophister.* Sophistical reasoner; not found elsewhere in S.

196. *You were best.* It would be best for you. Cf. ii. 1. 183 above.

200. *Burgonet.* A kind of helmet; as, figuratively, in *A. and C.* i. 5. 24: "burgonet of men."

201. *Household.* The folio has "housed;" corrected by Malone (from the old play).

211. *Victorious.* The 2d folio adds "noble."

212. *The rebels.* Capell reads "these traitors" (from the old play). For *complices* (not "'complices"), cf. *Rich. II.* p. 186.

215. *Stigmatic.* "One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a *stigma*" (Steevens).

SCENE II.—4. *Dead men's cries.* Not to be taken *too* literally, of course (cf. iv. 10. 65 above); and certainly not to be changed to "dy'ng men's cries," as by Rowe.

27. *Lay.* Stake, wager; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 330 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 159. *Address thee* = prepare thyself.

28. *La fin*, etc. "Finis coronat opus;" or "the end crowns all" (*T. and C.* iv. 5. 224).

Here the dramatist departs from the truth of history in making York kill Clifford. Cf. the correct account in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 7 fol.

35. *Part.* Party; as in 87 below. There II. reads "part," but Malone cites a similar use of the plural from Stowe: "the which John Cade also, after this, was sworne to the French parts," etc. The singular may, however, be right after all.

37. *Dedicate.* Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 154:

> "From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
> To nothing temporal."

41. *Premised.* "Sent before their time" (Warb.).

44. *Particularities.* Opposed to *general*. See on iv. 2. 101 above.

45. *To cease.* That is, to cause to cease, to silence. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 1. 16:

> "be not ceas'd
> With slight denial, nor then silenc'd," etc.

47. *Advised.* Sedate, thoughtful. Cf. ii. 1. 48, ii. 4. 36 above.

48. *In thy reverence.* "In that period of life which is entitled to the reverence of others" (Malone).

58. *Gobbets.* See on iv. 1. 85 above.

59. *Medea.* When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into pieces, which she strewed along the road, that her father might be delayed in his pursuit of her. Malone quotes Ovid, *Trist.* iii. 9:

> "divellit, divulsaque membra per agros
> Dissipat, in multis invenienda locis;
> Ut genitor luctuque novo tardetur, et artus
> Dum legit extinctos, triste moretur iter."

62. *As did Æneas*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 112:

> "I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
> Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
> The old Anchises bear," etc.

66. *So, lie thou there.* After this line Malone thinks that something may have been lost, equivalent to "Behold the prophecy is come to pass." In the old play the whole speech reads as follows:

> "*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
> Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
> Then the prophesie is come to passe,
> For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
> The which he alwaies did obserue.
> And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
> The Castle in saint Albones,
> Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death."

Cf. i. 4. 67 above.

86. *Uncurable.* Changed by Pope to "incurable;" but cf. iii. 1. 286 above.

87. *Parts.* See on 35 above. Hanmer reads "pow'rs," and Warb. "party." The Coll. MS. has "friends."

SCENE III.—1. *Old Salisbury.* The folio has "Of" for *Old;* corrected by Coll. (from the old play).

3. *Brush.* Changed by Warb. to "bruise," to which it is equivalent. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 3. 34: "the brushes of the war," etc.

4. *Brow.* "Aspect, appearance" (Schmidt). The word is, however, suspicious. Johnson conjectures "blow," and "glow" has also been suggested. The Coll. MS. has "bloom."

8. *Holp.* Used by S., both as the past tense and as the participle, much oftener than *helped.*

9. *Bestrid him.* Bestrode him, or stood over him and defended him when fallen. See *Mach.* p. 237.

20. *Have not got*, etc. "Have not secured, are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired" (Malone).

22. *Opposites of such repairing nature.* "Enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat" (Malone). For *opposite*=opponent, cf. *T. N.* p. 145; and for *repair*=renovate, restore, see *A. W.* p. 138.

25. *Present.* Immediate; as often. Cf. *Ham.* p. 245.

29. *Hand.* The reading of the folio; generally changed to "faith" (from the old play). Coll. remarks: "*By my hand* was a usual asseveration, and is more appropriate in a soldier than *by my faith;* this might be Shakespeare's reason for changing it."

31. *Eterniz'd.* Not found elsewhere in S.

32. *Drums.* The folios have "drumme" or "drum;" corrected by Hanmer (from the old play).

33. *These.* Hanmer has "this."

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—We append the summing-up of Mr. P. A. Daniel's "time-analysis" in the *Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 314:

"Time of this Play, fourteen days represented on the stage; with intervals, suggesting a period in all of, say, at the outside, a couple of years.

"Day 1. Act I. sc. i.
Interval (?) eighteen months.
" 2. Act I. sc. ii.–iv.
" 3. Act II. sc. i. and ii.
Interval; a month at least.
" 4. Act II. sc. iii.
Interval; at least two days.
" 5. Act II. sc. iv.
Interval; about twenty-seven days.
" 6. Act III. sc. i.
Interval; a few days.
" 7. Act III. sc. ii. and iii.
Interval; three days or more.
" 8. Act IV. sc. i.*
" 9. Act IV. sc. ii. and iii.
" 10. Act IV. sc. iv.–vii.
" 11. Act IV. sc. viii.
" 12. Act IV. sc. ix.
Interval; three or four days.
" 13. Act IV. sc. x.
" 14. Act V. sc. i.–iii.

Historic period, 22d April, 1445, to 23d May, 1455."

* "The time of this scene is after sunset; see opening lines. In the course of it we learn that the Nevils 'are rising up in arms' in favour of the House of York, and that the Commons of Kent are in rebellion. These facts would suppose a longer interval between Days 7 and 8 than the three days allowed to Suffolk for his departure from England."

INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

abortive (=monstrous), 169.
abrook, 161.
accompt, 170.
accuse (noun), 163.
Achilles' spear, 177.
act (=put in action), 177.
address thee, 178.
adsum, 156.
advance (=uplift), 169.
advertised (accent), 175.
advice (=consideration), 159.
advised (=heedful), 161, 178.
afeard, 162.
affiance, 163.
affy (=betroth), 169.
aidance, 166.
aio te, Aeacida, Romanos vincere posse, 156.
Ajax Telamonius, 176.
alder-liefest, 151.
amain, 164.
ambition (concrete), 152.
an it like, 157, 176.
approved (=proved), 165.
are ye advised? 157.
argo, 170.
as (=that), 162, 175.
assayed (=essayed), 172.
at an inch, 156.
at once (=once for all), 162.
avoid (=begone), 156.
awkward (=adverse), 165.
ay me! 165.

ban-dogs, 156.
Bargulus, 169.
basilisk, 165, 167.
be woe for me, 165.
bear-herd, 177.
bears (badge of the Nevils), 177.
beat on, 157.
bedlam, 177.
best, you were, 158, 178.
bested, 160.
bestrid, 179.
betime, 164.
bezonians, 170.
bills (play upon), 174.
blabbing, 168.
blood-consuming sighs, 165.
bona terra, mala gens, 174.
boot (=booty), 169.
break up (=break open), 156.
breathe infection, 167.
brow (=aspect?), 179.
brown bill, 176.
brush (=bruise), 179.
bucklers (=defends), 167.
bucks (=soiled linen), 170.
burgonet, 178.
but now (=only now), 175.
buzz (=whisper), 154.

cade, 170.
cage (=prison), 170.
callat, 154.
Calydon, the prince of, 153.
canonized (accent), 154.
cask (=casket), 168.
caudle, 174.
cease (=cause to cease), 178.
censure (=opinion), 155.
censure well, 164.
character'd (accent), 164.
charm (=silence), 169.
charneco, 160.
checked (=rebuked), 153.
circuit, golden, 164.
circumstance, 151, 157.
cited (=urged), 167.
civil'st, 164, 174.
clerkly couch'd, 163.
clip (=embrace), 168.
close (=private), 158, 162.
clouted shoon, 171.
collect, 162.
colour (=pretext), 164.
commonweal, 152, 156.
companion, 176.
complices, 178.
condign (accent), 163.
conduct (=conductor), 162.
consort, 167.
controller, 167.
convenient, 156.
corrosive (accent), 168.
courtship, 154.
crocodile (mournful), 164.
cry you mercy, 155.
cullions, 154.
curst, 167.
customed, 178.

dead as a door-nail, 176.
dead men's cries, 178.
dedicate (=dedicated), 178.
deep-fet, 161.
demanding of, 158.
demean (=behave), 152, 155.
denayed, 155.
discharge, 155.
dispense with, 177.
dispursed, 163.
distract (=distracted), 167.
do to death, 167.
doit, 163.
drain, 166.

easy (=slight), 163.
edict (accent), 167.
effected, 163.
emblaze, 176.
Emmanuel (in letters), 171.
empty (=famished), 164.
entreat (=treat), 162.
envious (=malicious), 161.
eternized, 179.
exiled (accent), 163.
exorcisms, 156.
expedient (=speedy), 164.

fact (=crime), 155.
fain of, 157.
fallen at jars, 153.
familiar (=demon), 174.
far-fet, 164.
fatal brand, 153.
fear (reflexive), 152.
fee-simple, 176.
fell-lurking, 177.
fence (=skill in fencing), 157.
fet, 161.
field (play upon?), 170.

fifteens, 171.
fifteenth, 152.
flaw, 164.
flying at the brook, 156.
fond (=foolish), 162.
foot-cloth, 169, 174.
for (=because), 155, 159, 174.
for (=for fear of), 169.
force perforce, 153.
forlorn (accent), 162, 165, 169.
forthcoming, 158.
free, 163.
from (=away from), 168.

gallowglasses, 175.
gather head, 172.
gear, 156, 163.
gelded, 171.
gelidus timor, etc., 169.
George (=badge), 169.
ghost (=corpse), 166.
given out (=given up), 174.
gnarling, 163.
go about (=attempt), 158.
gobbets, 169.
golden circuit, 164.
grace (title), 153.
graft (participle), 167.
guerdoned, 156.

hale (verb), 170, 175.
half-faced sun, 169.
hammering, 153.
happily (=haply), 164.
head (=armed force), 172.
help of hatchet, 174.
hempen caudle, 174.
Henry (trisyllable), 166, 174.
her (=its), 160.
here (=now), 162.
hoise, 152.
horse (possessive), 171.
hour's poor loss, an, 168.
housekeeping, 152.
hundred lacking one, for a, 171.

ill-nurtured, 153.
in (=into), 167.
in capite, 174.
in pain (=on pain), 167.
in the quill, 154.
in thy reverence, 178.
indigested, 177.
infallible, 158.
infortunate, 175.
injurious (=insolent), 156.
inns of court, 173.
instance (=proof), 166.
instinct (accent), 167.
invitis nubibus, 169.
Iris (=messenger), 168.
is all things well? 165.

jaded, 169.
joyed (=enjoyed), 175.

kennel (=gutter), 169.
kerns, 164, 173.
Killingworth, 172.

la fin couronne les œuvres, 178.
laid (=set with traps), 175.
large style, 152.
lay (=stake), 178.
leave (=leave off), 158, 167.
lewdly, 158.
liefest, 163.
like (=likely), 167.
like (=please), 157, 176.
lime-twigs, 168.
limed, 154, 162.
lizards' stings, 167.
lodged (of grain), 166.
London-stone, 172.
lordings, 152.

madding, 166.
mailed up in shame, 161.
main, the, 152.
mained, 171.
make obligations, 170.
mandrake's groan, 167.
map of honour, 163.
Margery Jourdain, 153.
mates, 164.
me (expletive), 158.
me seemeth, 162.
mean (=means), 175.
mechanical (noun), 155.
Medea, 178.
medice, teipsum—, 157.
mickle, 177.
middest, 175.
monuments (=mementoes), 167, 171.
Morisco, 165.
most master, 155.
muse (=wonder), 162.

naughty, 158.

obdurate (accent), 174.
of (=at), 172.
of proof, 170.
off of, 158.
old Joan had not gone out, 157.
on procession, 157.
opposite (=opponent), 179.
overweening, 163, 177.

pageant, 153.
palmer, 177.
paly, 166.
part (=party), 178.
particular (play upon), 171.
particularities, 178.
pass not, 171.
patience (trisyllable), 162.
patient (trisyllable), 154.
perish (transitive), 166.
pernicious (quadrisyllable), 157.
pinnace, 168.
pitch (in falconry), 157.
pointing-stock, 162.
porpentine, 164.
pound (plural), 168.
power (=army), 172.
practice (=plot), 165.
practised (=plotted), 158.
premised, 178.
prentice, 155.
present (=immediate), 179.
pretty-vaulting, 166.
pride (concrete), 152.
priest (=confessor), 164.
private plot, 159.
procurator, 151.
proof (of armour), 170.
proper (=comely), 171.
puissant (dissyllable), 175.
pursuivant, 154.
puttock, 167.

quaint (=fine), 167.
quill, in the, 154.
quillets, 164.
quitting (=freeing), 167.

racked, 155.
raught, 160.
rear, 165.
reave, 177.
remorseful, 168.
repeal, 168.
reprove (=disprove), 163.
reputing of, 163.
resolution (metre), 164.
respecting (=considering), 162.
revenues (accent), 154.
right now, 165.
roast, rule the, 151.

sallet, 175.
sancta majestas, 176.
Savoy, the, 173.
saws (=maxims), 154.
say (noun), 173.
scath, 162.
sennet, 162.
shearman, 171.
shoon, 171.
shrewd, 160.
Sicil, 151.
Simpcox, 158.
since (=when), 162

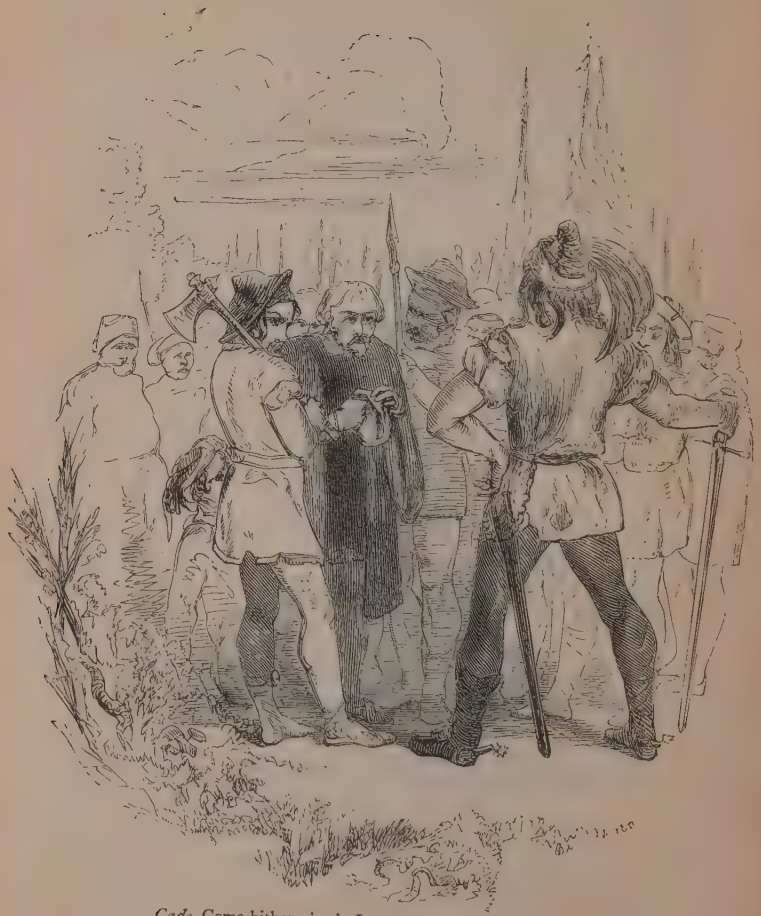
skills not, 164.
slough (=skin), 164.
smoothing (=flattering), 152, 157.
soldiers (trisyllable), 164.
sophister, 178.
sort (=adapt), 162.
sort (=set, gang), 158, 167.
sort (=turn out), 154.
sour (figurative), 167.
span-counter, 171.
spirits (monosyllable), 158.
splitted, 168.
starved (=frozen), 164.
statua, 165.
sterved, 152.
stigmatic, 178.
stomachs (=tempers), 157.
straiter, 165.
strays, 163.
strength (=armed force), 165.
style, 152.
subscribe (=yield), 162.
suffered with, 177.
suffocate (play upon), 152.
suspect (noun), 155, 163, 166.
sworder, 170.

take my death, 160.
take order, 164.
take up (play upon), 174.
tantaene animis coelestibus irae? 157.
ten bones (=fingers), 155.
ten commandments (=fingers), 155.
tend (=care for), 152.
tender (=care for), 164.
that (=so that), 162, 163, 164.
that (=would that), 156.
thence, 168.
think by that, 157.
thorough (=through), 169.
thou wert best, 158.
three-hooped pot, 170.
tickle (adjective), 152.
timeless, 167.
timely-parted, 166.
to (=compared with), 162.
toil (transitive), 151.
too, 162.
treasury (=treasure), 155.
trow'st, 161.
twit (=twitted), 163.
two-hand sword, 157.

uncivil, 164.
uncurable, 179.
uneath, 161.
viliaco, 174.
voiding lobby, 169.

Walter (pronunciation), 169.
ward (=custody), 177.
well given, 163.
well said (=well done), 165.
what (=whatever), 163.
what (=who), 163.
whenas (=when), 153.
where (=whereas), 168.
whereas (=where), 153, 168.
whileas (=while), 153.
White Hart (play upon), 174.
who (=whoever), 163.
who (=whom), 166, 176.
wink (=shut the eyes), 158.
with such holiness can you do it? 157.
woe is me, 165.
worm (=serpent), 167.
worse bested, 160.
would (=would have), 159.
wrack, 154.

yclad, 151.
yet (=as yet?), 175.
yet (transposed), 162.



Cade. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee (iv. 2. 86).

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

The Merchant of Venice.	**King John.**
The Tempest.	**Henry IV. Part I.**
Julius Cæsar.	**Henry IV. Part II.**
Hamlet.	**King Lear.**
As You Like It.	**Taming of the Shrew.**
Henry the Fifth.	**All 's Well That Ends Well.**
Macbeth.	**Coriolanus.**
Henry the Eighth.	**Comedy of Errors.**
Midsummer-Night's Dream.	**Cymbeline.**
Richard III.	**Merry Wives of Windsor.**
Richard the Second.	**Measure for Measure.**
Much Ado About Nothing.	**Two Gentlemen of Verona.**
Antony and Cleopatra.	**Love's Labour 's Lost.**
Romeo and Juliet.	**Timon of Athens.**
Othello.	**Henry VI. Part I.**
Twelfth Night.	**Henry VI. Part II.**
The Winter's Tale.	**Henry VI. Part III.**

Troilus and Cressida.

ILLUSTRATED. 16MO, CLOTH, 56 CTS. PER VOL.; PAPER, 40 CTS. PER VOL.

In the preparation of this edition of the English Classics it has been the aim to adapt them for school and home reading, in essentially the same way as Greek and Latin Classics are edited for educational purposes. The chief requisites are a pure text (expurgated, if necessary), and the notes needed for its thorough explanation and illustration.

Each of Shakespeare's plays is complete in one volume, and is preceded by an Introduction containing the "History of the Play," the "Sources of the Plot," and "Critical Comments on the Play."

From HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Ph.D., LL.D., *Editor of the "New Variorum Shakespeare."*

No one can examine these volumes and fail to be impressed with the conscientious accuracy and scholarly completeness with which they are edited. The educational purposes for which the notes are written Mr. Rolfe never loses sight of, but like "a well-experienced archer hits the mark his eye doth level at."

From F. J. FURNIVALL, *Director of the New Shakspere Society, London.*

The merit I see in Mr. Rolfe's school editions of Shakspere's Plays over those most widely used in England is that Mr. Rolfe edits the plays as works of a poet, and not only as productions in Tudor English. Some editors think that all they have to do with a play is to state its source and explain its hard words and allusions; they treat it as they would a charter or a catalogue of household furniture, and then rest satisfied. But Mr. Rolfe, while clearing up all verbal difficulties as carefully as any Dryasdust, always adds the choicest extracts he can find, on the spirit and special "note" of each play, and on the leading characteristics of its chief personages. He does *not* leave the student without help in getting at Shakspere's chief attributes, his characterization and poetic power. And every practical teacher knows that while every boy can look out hard words in a lexicon for himself, not one in a score can, unhelped, catch points of and realize character, and feel and express the distinctive individuality of each play as a poetic creation.

From Prof. EDWARD DOWDEN, LL.D., *of the University of Dublin, Author of "Shakspere: His Mind and Art."*

I incline to think that no edition is likely to be so useful for school and home reading as yours. Your notes contain so much accurate instruction, with so little that is superfluous; you do not neglect the æsthetic study of the play; and in externals, paper, type, binding, etc., you make a book "pleasant to the eyes" (as well as "to be desired to make one wise")—no small matter, I think, with young readers and with old.

From EDWIN A. ABBOTT, M.A., *Author of "Shakespearian Grammar."*

I have not seen any edition that compresses so much necessary information into so small a space, nor any that so completely avoids the common faults of commentaries on Shakespeare—needless repetition, superfluous explanation, and unscholar-like ignoring of difficulties.

From HIRAM CORSON, M.A., *Professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Literature, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.*

In the way of annotated editions of separate plays of Shakespeare, for educational purposes, I know of none quite up to Rolfe's.

From Prof. F. J. CHILD, *of Harvard University.*

I read your "Merchant of Venice" with my class, and found it in every respect an excellent edition. I do not agree with my friend White in the opinion that Shakespeare requires but few notes—that is, if he is to be thoroughly understood. Doubtless he may be enjoyed, and many a hard place slid over. Your notes give all the help a young student requires, and yet the reader for pleasure will easily get at just what he wants. You have indeed been conscientiously concise.

Under date of July 25, 1879, Prof. CHILD *adds:* Mr. Rolfe's editions of plays of Shakespeare are very valuable and convenient books, whether for a college class or for private study. I have used them with my students, and I welcome every addition that is made to the series. They show care, research, and good judgment, and are fully up to the time in scholarship. I fully agree with the opinion that experienced teachers have expressed of the excellence of these books.

From Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., *Professor in Harvard University.*

I regard your own work as of the highest merit, while you have turned the labors of others to the best possible account. I want to have the higher classes of our schools introduced to Shakespeare chief of all, and then to other standard English authors; but this cannot be done to advantage, unless under a teacher of equally rare gifts and abundant leisure, or through editions specially prepared for such use. I trust that you will have the requisite encouragement to proceed with a work so happily begun.

From the Examiner and Chronicle, N. Y.

We repeat what we have often said, that there is no edition of Shakespeare's which seems to us preferable to Mr. Rolfe's. As mere specimens of the printer's and binder's art they are unexcelled, and their other merits are equally high. Mr. Rolfe, having learned by the practical experience of the class-room what aid the average student really needs in order to read Shakespeare intelligently, has put just that amount of aid into his notes, and no more. Having said what needs to be said, he stops there. It is a rare virtue in the editor of a classic, and we are proportionately grateful for it.

From the N. Y. Times.

This work has been done so well that it could hardly have been done better. It shows throughout knowledge, taste, discriminating judgment, and, what is rarer and of yet higher value, a sympathetic appreciation of the poet's moods and purposes.

From the Pacific School Journal, San Francisco.

This edition of Shakespeare's plays bids fair to be the most valuable aid to the study of English literature yet published. For educational purposes it is beyond praise. Each of the plays is printed in large clear type and on excellent paper. Every difficulty of the text is clearly explained by copious notes. It is remarkable how many new beauties one may discern in Shakespeare with the aid of the glossaries attached to these books. . . . Teachers can do no higher, better work than to inculcate a love for the best literature, and such books as these will best aid them in cultivating a pure and refined taste.

From the Christian Union, N. Y.

Mr. W. J. Rolfe's capital edition of Shakespeare—by far the best edition for school and parlor use. We speak after some practical use of it in a village Shakespeare Club. The notes are brief but useful; and the necessary expurgations are managed with discriminating skill.

From the Academy, London.

Mr. Rolfe's excellent series of school-editions of the Plays of Shakespeare. . . . Mr. Rolfe's editions differ from some of the English ones in looking on the plays as something more than word-puzzles. They give the student helps and hints on the characters and meanings of the plays, while the word-notes are also full and posted up to the latest date. . . . Mr. Rolfe also adds to each of his books a most useful "Index of Words and Phrases explained."

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SELECT POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated. 16mo, Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, 56 cents. (*Uniform with Rolfe's Shakespeare.*)

The carefully arranged editions of "The Merchant of Venice" and other of Shakespeare's plays prepared by Mr. William J. Rolfe for the use of students will be remembered with pleasure by many readers, and they will welcome another volume of a similar character from the same source, in the form of the "Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith," edited with notes fuller than those of any other known edition, many of them original with the editor.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Rolfe is doing very useful work in the preparation of compact hand-books for study in English literature. His own personal culture, and his long experience as a teacher, give him good knowledge of what is wanted in this way.—*The Congregationalist*, Boston.

Mr. Rolfe has prefixed to the Poems selections illustrative of Goldsmith's character as a man and grade as a poet, from sketches by Macaulay, Thackeray, George Colman, Thomas Campbell, John Forster, and Washington Irving. He has also appended, at the end of the volume, a body of scholarly notes explaining and illustrating the poems, and dealing with the times in which they were written, as well as the incidents and circumstances attending their composition. — *Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

The notes are just and discriminating in tone, and supply all that is necessary either for understanding the thought of the several poems, or for a critical study of the language. The use of such books in the schoolroom cannot but contribute largely toward putting the study of English literature upon a sound basis; and many an adult reader would find in the present volume an excellent opportunity for becoming critically acquainted with one of the greatest of last century's poets.—*Appleton's Journal*, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

THOMAS GRAY.

SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Paper, 40 cents; Cloth, 56 cents. (*Uniform with Rolfe's Shakespeare.*)

Mr. Rolfe has done his work in a manner that comes as near to perfection as man can approach. He knows his subject so well that he is competent to instruct all in it; and readers will find an immense amount of knowledge in his elegant volume, all set forth in the most admirable order, and breathing the most liberal and enlightened spirit, he being a warm appreciator of the divinity of genius.—*Boston Traveller.*

The great merit of these books lies in their carefully-edited text, and in the fulness of their explanatory notes. Mr. Rolfe is not satisfied with simply expounding, but he explores the entire field of English literature, and therefrom gathers a multitude of illustrations that are interesting in themselves and valuable as a commentary on the text. He not only instructs, but stimulates his readers to fresh exertion; and it is this stimulation that makes his labors so productive in the school-room.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Mr. William J. Rolfe, to whom English literature is largely indebted for annotated and richly-illustrated editions of several of Shakespeare's Plays, has treated the "Select Poems of Thomas Gray" in the same way—just as he had previously dealt with the best of Goldsmith's poems.—*The Press*, Phila.

Mr. Rolfe's edition of Thomas Gray's select poems is marked by the same discriminating taste as his other classics.—*Springfield Republican.*

Mr. Rolfe's rare abilities as a teacher and his fine scholarly tastes enable him to prepare a classic like this in the best manner for school use. There could be no better exercise for the advanced classes in our schools than the critical study of our best authors, and the volumes that Mr. Rolfe has prepared will hasten the time when the study of mere form will give place to the study of the spirit of our literature.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

An elegant and scholarly little volume.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price and one-sixth additional for postage.*